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New Statesman

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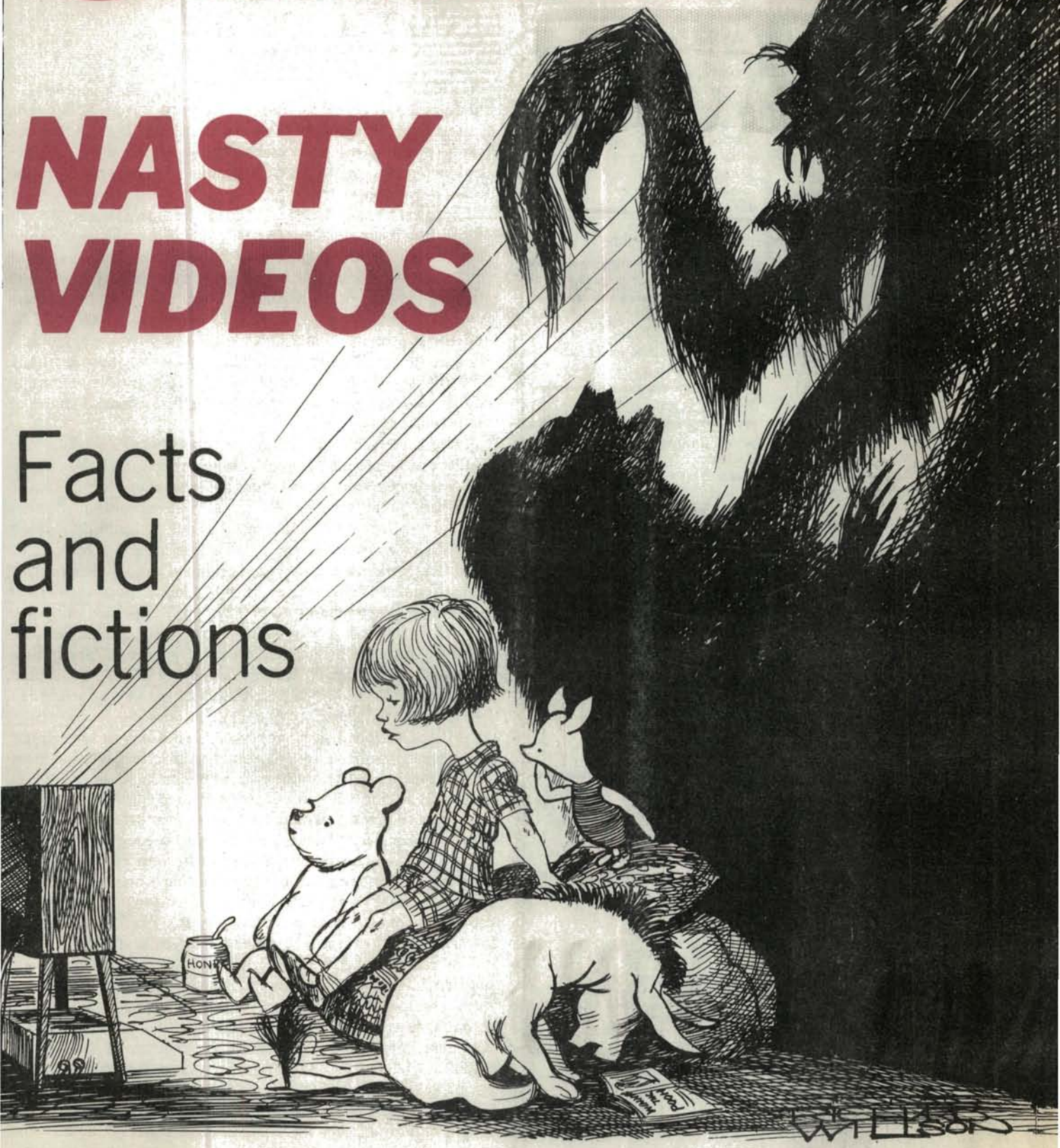

PLUS: Marxist economics • Paul Foot's Mediawatch
Kellner from Blackpool • Short story

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New Statesman

Cover drawing: Richard Willson

Presumption of innocence
David Edgar challenges the censors in his review of Martin Barker's controversial book *Video Nasties* 28

NEWS 4-6

HOME

Peter Kellner: Naked into conference 7
Anon: Tories hidden factions 8
John Grahl: socialist economic theory 10

WEEKEND

Rebecca Brown: Short story 25

FOREIGN

Claudia Wright: Lebanon — what's in it for Syria? 18
Poland: Support for the NUM 19
Jonathan Mirsky: China's routine executions 20
Suzanne Cronje: Chad's civil war 21
Mary Holland: Arms seizure off Kerry 22

BOOKS

John Herdman: Hugh MacDiarmid 29
Marion Glastonbury: Amis, Updike and other new fiction 30
Tariq Ali: Pakistan and the North-West Frontier 30
John Spurling: Greene's General Torrijos 31
Francis Wheen: Crime 32
Alan Jenkins: Poem 32
Shorter reviews 33

ARTS

John Spurling: Visual art 34
John Coleman: Films 34
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 35
Charles Fox: Jazz 37

BACKCHAT

James Campbell: Travel writing 38
Naseem Khan: Work in Progress follows paintings into the community 39
Hugo Williams: Television 40
Weekend competition 40
Salamanca 41

PLUS

This England 9
Mediawatch: Paul Foot 14
Blackpool Diary: Christopher Price 16
Roger Woddis 16
Letters 23
Slump 23
Feedback: Robin Blackburn 24

NEXT WEEK

John Pilger questions Shawcross's memory of Cambodia
Donald Sassoon on the mafia

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New Statesman
Vol 108 No 2794 5 October 1984

Blackpool 1984: good in parts

THERE IS no point in pretending that Blackpool was a thundering success for the Labour Party and its new leader. The contrast with Brighton 1983 was very striking. Though that was taking place in the immediate shadow of the worst election drubbing that most delegates could remember, it had much of the feel of a triumph.

There was a bit of that release that so often turns the social event after a funeral into an unexpectedly good party. But above all there was the release that came with the feeling that the years of intra-party faction fighting were over; that the soft Left, the centre and what remains of the Right had achieved a concordat that was reflected in the Kinnock-Hattersley election; and that the soft Left and the centre were now in a position to give their political energies to developing the model of a new and electorally attractive socialism, instead of wasting them on the seemingly endless jockeying for power and the sterile doctrinal disputes of the previous two decades.

As we have seen at Blackpool, politics is not of such fairy tale quality and Conferences are still quite as much about the politics of Conference resolutions as about the content of politics. On the other hand, a perfectly justified sense of minor disappointment that Labour in Kinnock's first year has not got quite as far along the road to recovery as the optimists had been predicting at Brighton should not be allowed to get out of hand. Blackpool this year in no sense compares with Labour's disastrous 1980 Conference, when in full view of the nation's television, the Party comported itself in a way which accurately foreshadowed the disaster of June 1983. There are lessons to be learned from the past year and from Blackpool, but they are learnable and there is time to learn them. In 1980 a collective electoral death wish seemed to have grasped the Party.

As Peter Kellner argues on page 7, Neil Kinnock himself has some direct personal lessons to learn, particularly in relation to his very significant defeat on the issue of one-member-one-vote. He must start a reform of Party organisation and administration. He must ensure that the issue of increasing democracy within the Party is not shelved. After the reform proposals were voted down on Monday it is unclear what the precise implication is of the provision in Conference rules that a defeated proposal may not be reconsidered for three years. But it is difficult to think that a way cannot be found round such a procedural block, if there is a political judgement that the issue needs to be kept alive.

The trade unions have perfectly legitimate worries about their position in many constituency parties, if the practice of one-member-one-vote is extended. These must be openly talked through. But, as the very widespread use of consultation with members over the election of Kinnock and Hattersley showed, the extention of democracy within the Party is an essential element of any programme for revitalising Labour — both in terms of active physical support by the membership and in terms of evolving a programme of socialism that in style and in content is in tune with needs and aspirations of the majority of the people in this country. The Labour Party and the trade unions have a far greater commitment to democracy and genuine accountability to their

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nembers than the Tory Party, or most other political institutions n this country. It is a source of vital strength and it should be apped.

There are many other lessons to be learned. One is that to ıchieve policy statements and to have them endorsed at Conference is not the same thing as creating a policy that is :redible. There is an urgent need for discussion over the next two years or so of the practical and consequential effects of key policies.

Take one minor example. There is virtually unanimous support within the Labour movement for the abolition of that social and political anachronism, the House of Lords. Party policy has been that it would be abolished by the next Labour government *tout court*. But has there been any serious consideration of the huge reforms that would be involved in the way in which the House of Commons works, if there was no House of Lords? Has there been any thought about the possible relationship between abolition/reform of the House of Lords and genuine political devolution for Scotland, or other constitutional reform? The answer is no; and until there is, the bald policy commitment itself will remain damagingly unconvincing. There are many more similar but much more important policy issues to which the same applies — defence, education, housing. The next two years must be devoted to the development and exposition of these policies. □

New Falklands questions

LONG-STANDING students of Whitehall drafting for ministers' public letter and statements know that the silences are often more informative than the words. This certainly applies to the long letter and annex that Mrs Thatcher sent at the end of last month to Mr George Foulkes, the Labour defence spokesman, in answer to his questions about the sinking of the *Belgrano* and other aspects of the Falklands War.

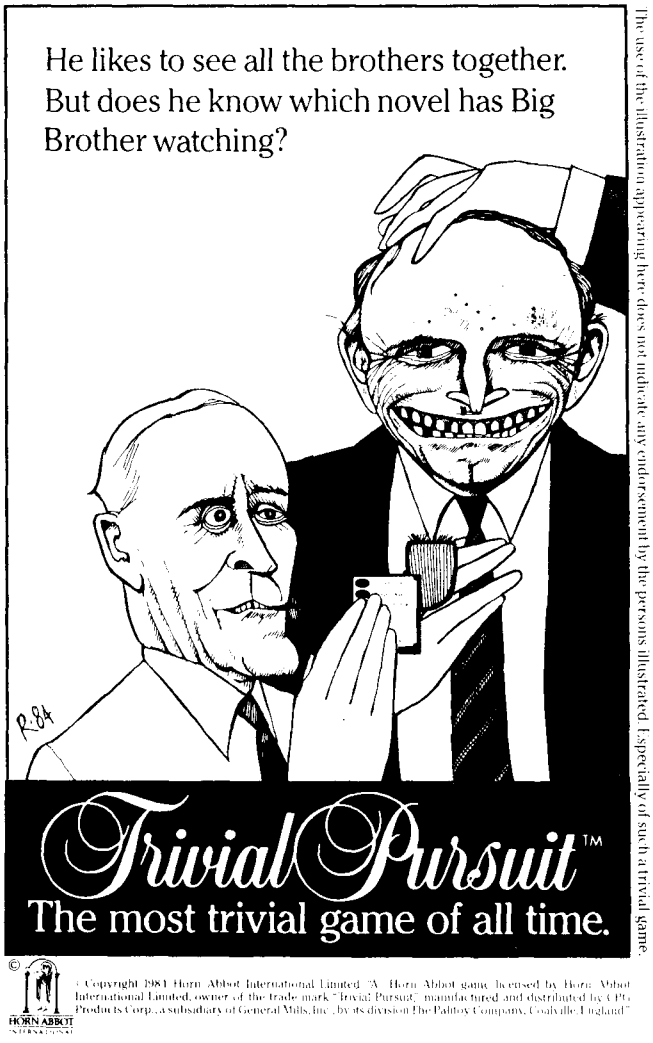
One of his questions was whether it was true, as the *New Statesman* asserted on 24 August, that a Royal Navy Polaris missile submarine was at one stage of the crisis deployed in the South Atlantic. Mrs Thatcher could have given one of two possible direct answers — yes or no. In fact she avoided the question entirely and answered a different question with the assertion that there was no change in the 'standard deployment pattern of our Polaris submarines during the conflict'. That statement answers the question whether, if a Polaris submarine was deployed to the South Atlantic, it was withdrawn from its regular patrol as part of the standing commitment to NATO strategic nuclear deterent in order to go there. It seems that it was not.

It is interesting to speculate on why Mrs Thatcher chose this oblique and equivocal way of answering that Foulkes question. She is inhibited from telling a direct lie by the knowledge that, in the present state of relations between her government and the Whitehall civil service, proof of the truth would almost certainly be leaked at once in some highly damaging form. Close study of the 'damage containment' exercise carried out on the Prime Minister's behalf by the No. 10 press office over the past two weeks makes it look as if the strategy is to come as clean as she dares on questions in areas that have been covered by existing leaks and leakers, but to keep the shutters down on anything else, hiding behind the wholly synthetic pretext that any further information would 'risk irreparable damage to national security and could put lives at risk in the future'.

It is difficult to conceive of any circumstances in which national security would be endangered, or future lives put at risk, by confirmation of the fact that a Poseidon submarine was sent down to the Ascension Island area in April or May 1982. The only damage would be to confidence in the Prime Minister's military judgement.

There is only one operational activity that a Poseidon submarine can usefully carry out — to fire a Poseidon missile. Actually sending one to the South Atlantic (as opposed to a paper staff exercise showing whether one could in principle be got there) implies that someone wished to be in a position to do just that. There was loose talk at the time on the lunatic Right of the Tory Party about the possibility of a 'demonstration' nuclear attack against Argentina, or even of 'nuking' BA.

The British task force's Falklands mission was incredibly risky. The expedition at a conventional level could have ended in disaster scores of times. But as at a political level defeat was *totally* unacceptable to Mrs Thatcher, it seems on present evidence that she or her advisers seriously contemplated using, or using the threat of, Polaris against Argentina in 1982. If that is the case, then a new and much more dangerous charge of total nuclear lunacy has to be levelled against the Thatcher war cabinet. And it needs to be answered. □


He likes to see all the brothers together.
But does he know which novel has Big Brother watching?
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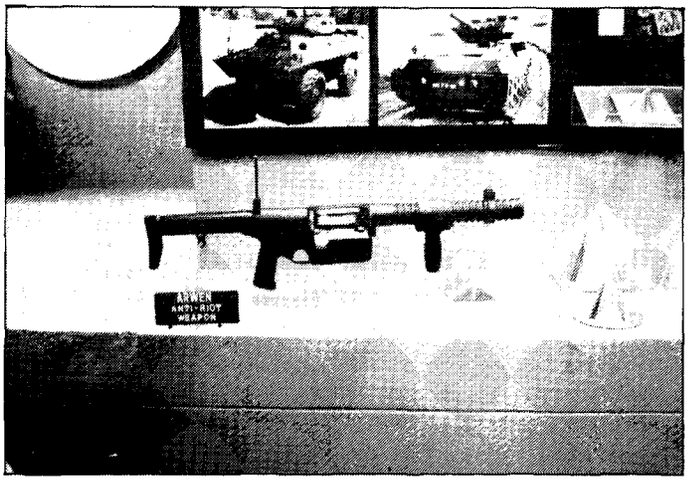
MoD DESIGNS PLASTIC BULLET MACHINE GUN



Arwen 37 — doing away with all that tiresome reloading

THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE has designed a rapid-fire plastic bullet gun capable of 12 times the capacity of present weapons and is marketing it to the USA and Third World countries. There are fears despite denials that its eventual use in Northern Ireland cannot be ruled out. DAVID LEPPARD reports

ALTHOUGH the Ministry of Defence and the RUC have 'categorically denied' that the weapon has deployment potential in Northern Ireland, civil liberties and defence sources claim that the weapon was originally designed for the use of internal British security forces and that the possibility of its future use in Northern Ireland cannot be ruled out.

The weapon, the Arwen 37, differs from tradition plastic and rubber bullet guns in that it fires a rotary magazine containing five single shot rounds, avoiding the time-consuming need to reload each individual baton-round. Defence sources say that this facility makes it technically possible for the Arwen 37 to fire up to 60 rounds a minute — 12 times faster than the firing capacity of existing guns.

The Ministry of Defence (MoD) have claimed that the weapon was designed for use in conventional war, but advertising material for the gun describes it as 'a riot control weapon system'. The sources claim that the Arwen 37 does definitely have counter-insurgency potential.

A spokesperson for the Royal Ordnance Factory of Enfield said this week that the gun is 'very aimable and very accurate'. The Arwen 37 fires the mushroom-shaped and highly compact AR1 baton round, designed to replace the less effective and larger plastic and rubber bullets presently used in Northern Ireland by the RUC and the British Army.

A spokesperson for the RUC says that they received information about the gun from the MoD, but the RUC's own investigations have shown that it's 'not necessary or suitable for our purposes'. He adds: 'This weapon has never been used and there is no intention of acquiring it for operational use'.

'No use to us'

Asked whether the weapon might be used either in Northern Ireland or abroad, an MoD spokesperson says that the Arwen 37 is 'of no interest to the British security forces' and that 'it is up to the foreign purchaser whether it could be deployed against civilians' — but the question of its possible use in non-conventional-war situations would affect any decision by the Department of Trade and the Foreign Office on the granting of export licences.

According to the Royal Ordnance Factory account, and contrary to the RUC statement, the gun *has* already been used effectively in a civilian environment in the USA. It has been sold to at least two American police forces, in Kentucky and Maryland. The MoD says it has also been purchased in the Third World, but 'we don't discuss overseas sales if the customer does not wish the sale to be disclosed'.

The gun is subject to the standard Ministry of Defence guidelines as to range and deployment. These say that the minimum acceptable range is 60 feet, and that no plastic or rubber bullet can be fired at a lesser distance without serious risk of loss of life.

Jonathan Rosenhead, an expert in plastic bullets at the London School of Economics, and a member of the British Society for Social Responsibility in Science, says that these guidelines have been consistently ignored, as in the case of the death of Sean Downes at a Sinn Fein rally in Andersontown on 12 August.

Mike Gething, editor of *Defence Magazine*, tells the *New Statesman* that 'if the situation in Northern Ireland deteriorated and the security forces found themselves overwhelmed', the possibility of the introduction of the Arwen 37 in 'non-lethal' situations there could not be discounted. ●

Yorks ambush 'provoked'

THE ARTICLE of faith about a 'carefully planned ambush' on police at Silverwood colliery, South Yorks, which has influenced so much comment about the miners' strike and Labour Conference in the past few days, is disputed by Sheffield Policewatch, set up in April by the local trades council.

The Silverwood 'ambush' story came fast on the heels of the allegations of assaults on the police at Maltby and along the M4 last week, but three observers from Policewatch who were at Silverwood say police behaviour was 'frightening' from the start — in stark contrast to Superintendent Peter Lodge's claim (eg The Times *29 September) that injuries experienced by the police were 'entirely unprovoked'.*

The observers — who claim to have been ordered to stop taking photographs and turn off a tape-recorder — say they saw 'no sign' of a prearranged ambush of police on 28 September, and view the general press accounts as covering up what should properly be seen as a 'grossly mishandled' piece of policing.

Present from 1.45 am (the 'ambush' was about 2.30 am), the observers consent that a barricade was certainly built across the road. But they describe how they found pickets badly injured by dog-bites; how pickets' cars were vandalised; and how their own car received a 'row of truncheon-shaped dents along the roof'.

John Field

Greenpeace balloonists face trial in W Berlin

TWO ACTIVISTS from the international environmental group Greenpeace are facing trial in West Berlin for piloting a hot air balloon above the city in a protest against nuclear testing. John Sprange, a British citizen, and Gerd Leipold from Hamburg have been charged with illegally flying a 'military device' in the restricted airspace over Berlin.

It was early in the morning of 28 August 1983 that Sprange and Leipold took off from a football field in West Berlin in the Greenpeace hot air balloon called Trinity. They sailed over the Berlin wall and forty minutes later landed in a field near Klein Ziethen in East Berlin. After being interrogated for five hours by police, their balloon was confiscated and they were returned to the West.

Before any charges could be brought, West Berlin's public prosecutor, Klaus Muller, had to seek permission from the Allied Command, a wartime relic which is still responsible for controlling Berlin airspace. This was granted in November last year, although it wasn't until recently that Sprange and Leipold were formally notified of the charges against them. They expect to appear before a jury in the Tiergarten county court in West Berlin soon.

The problem inflates. . .

Berlin was chosen for the protest as it offered a unique opportunity simultaneously to confront the four nations responsible for the vast majority of the 1,400 nuclear tests that have taken place since Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Between 1945 and 1983 America has detonated 748 test explosions, Russia 492, France 113 and Britian 35.

Under the 1946 Allied Controlling Authority's Law no. 43, it is a crime punishable by prison, or even death, to import or transport any 'war material' in Berlin without permission of the Allied authorities — a measure originally designed to prevent postwar German rearmament. Unfortunately for Greenpeace, war material is defined amongst other things as 'aircraft of any kind . . . including kites, captive balloons, gliders and model aircraft'.

As John Sprange comments: 'It seems to be illegal to fly anything over Berlin except rockets and missiles.'

Rob Edwards

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Women in jail getting dosed to the eyeballs

NEWLY-RELEASED statistics lend weight to the supposition that in Britain's prisons women tend to be controlled by extremely high levels of drugging, in contrast to control of men by physical force (*see* NS *14 September for allegations of force used on men at Wandsworth*).

Overall usage of behaviour-modifying drugs in British prisons — *viz* of psychotropic, hypnotic and other drugs that act on the central nervous system — continues to rise, with women far more likely to receive them than men. *Report of the Work of the Prison Department 1983* disclosed that 2,298,806 doses of such drugs were given out in 1983 in 115 penal institutions in England and Wales.

The figure is for doses actually *taken*. Previous years' statistics were for drugs *dispensed*, which would suggest that the latest figure (1983) ought to show a fall on earlier years — but in fact the total was up 3,145 on 1982.

The three top drugging prisons were women's prisons, as were seven out of the top 12 (*see our table*). The average population of the seven in 1983 was 1156, or 2.7 per cent of the total average prison population of 43,462, yet the seven accounted for 11.5 per cent of drugs given out (263,251 doses).

No male prison comes near the levels of 295 and 247 doses per head in Cookham Wood, Styal and Holloway. Most indicative, perhaps, of the level of drugging applied to women prisoners are the figures for Askham Grange and Drake Hall, which are open prisons: 154 doses per head compares with 20 doses per head for eight male open prisons.

In the league of male prisons with a population over 1000 Wandsworth has 'slipped' to second place behind Wormwood Scrubs in terms of doses per head. This is not due to any appreciable reduction in the use of drugs in Wandsworth but to a sharp increase of 20 per cent in the use of these drugs in Wormwood Scrubs: Wandsworth down from 121 doses per head in 1982 to 120 in 1983; Wormwood Scrubs up from 109 in 1982 to 130 in 1983.

The Home Office's methods of compiling the figures has frequently been criticised as it gives no indication of the strength of various doses nor of the differing strengths of the drugs themselves. Even the category any particular drug is put in is arbitrary. The same drug may be classified as psychotropic or hypnotic depending on what time of the day it is dispensed.

Terry O'Halloran

Prison drugging: the top twelve in 1983

Prison	*Total number of doses*	*Doses per head*
Cookham Wood*/Styal*	105,032	295
Holloway*	82,140	247
Wakefield	129,665	183
Bullwood Hall*/East Sutton Park*	24,843	183
Parkhurst	46,021	172
Brixton	125,151	163
Askham Grange*/Drake Hall*	51,236	154
Wormwood Scrubs	133,385	130
Wandsworth	164,086	120

**Women's prisons. The three pairs are given as one figure for each pair as that is how they appear in the statistics. It should be noted that East Sutton Park (an open prison) has been 'paired' with Bullwood Hall (a closed prison).*

Source: The Report on the Work of the Prison Department 1983, Cmnd 9306.HMSO.£7.60.

Cracks alarm at Torness

A FORMER worker at the Torness nuclear construction site in East Lothian has alleged that the concrete being used to build the new nuclear power station is badly cracked and flawed. David Swan, who worked for five months at Torness sealing leaks in the concrete, claims he has photographic evidence of cracks in the concrete walls of the reactor building.

He further claims cracks in concrete in the cooling ponds, the reactor pressure vessel and turbine hall and frequent leaks of water in and out of the reactor building.

He says that the seal he was told to use (a resin called CXL600) was inadequate for the job and that sooner or later the concrete will fail. If his allegations are correct and remain unrectified, there could be a risk of localised leaks of radiation when the reactor is running.

He took his complaints to the contractors at Torness, but was dissatisfied with their response. He left his job in disgust a couple of months ago and has now raised the matter with local Labour MP, John Home-Robertson. Home-Robertson has arranged to meet with representatives of the Government's nuclear watchdog, the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate, next week to discuss the allegations.

Rob Edwards

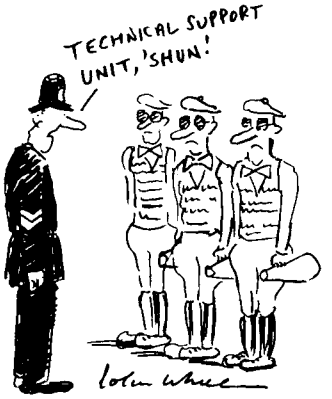
MISCELLANY

Oh, Newham again

The Liberals have been up to naughties in Newham again. 'Rif' Winfield, who was removed from the Newham council earlier this year for not having met the electoral residential requirements when he stood in 1982 (*NS*, 18 May), was spotted knocking on doors in his former Little Ilford Ward. Challenged, he said he was doing it on behalf of the council's Electoral Registration Department, distributing and collecting electoral register forms to ensure people are on the list. But under the Local Government Act 1972 it's illegal for ex-councillors to work for the authority of which they were members for 12 months after they leave the council. Alerted by the local Labour party, Newham promptly sacked him, adding that he would be paid for any work done. But Winfield, who lost the by-election caused by his removal, now claims that he was doing it on a voluntary basis having being asked to do so by the Electoral Registration Department. However, he's promised to stop. Good boy.

Louder please

If you had it in mind to discuss the political situation with a friend in Brighton's streets during the Tory conference — say while holding a placard in the air — be warned. Sussex Police technical support unit won't only be filming everyone in sight, they'll be using bugging equipment to listen in from a distance to peaceful demonstrators. They were doing it during TUC conference. Brighton Labour



councillor Steve Bassam is raising the question of technical support surveillance with the Sussex Chief Constable, Roger Birch. (Now there's a good surname for a top cop.) For the full story of the scale of police surveillance at these Brighton beanos look out for the next issue of the monthly Brighton Voice, *with detail of which buildings carried video equipment, and will no doubt do so again. You have been bugged — er — warned.*

Hayhoe ho-hum

Short memories some people have. Barney Hayhoe, MinState Treasury, belongs to a minority (the Roman Catholics, 9 per cent of the population) whose reading matter was for generations proscribed by British governments. Now he's written to Chris Smith, Islington South's Labour MP, defending all those detentions and seizures of lesbian and gay reading matter by Customs & Excise (*NS* 21 September and *passim*). The letter is a schoolboyish misconception of the workings of Customs & Excise law, showing his advisers don't understand it. Outside observers have rather been taking that for granted, so no surprise there. Meanwhile, his address for those anxious to relieve his ignorance about Catholic history in this country or about Customs & Excise practice is Treasury Chambers, Parliament St, SW1P 3AG. One bonus: he's admitted he's the responsible Minister in this ongoing scandal.

Skirting the issues

What a coincidence. The armed forces suddenly appear to be in the hands of women. During the Lionheart NATO manoeuvres in West Germany last month several newspapers featured a woman lieutenant in charge of an exercise which seemed to consist of moving lots of mud about. This week it was the turn of the air force. On Monday the Daily Mail *featured Stephanie Baggstrom standing in front of a huge plane, as an alternative to the usual bikini beauties. She's a US airforce sergeant who's just arrived at RAF Fairford in Gloucester for a course. Why she should be the subject of a half page news piece in the* Daily Mail *one can't imagine, unless . . . unless . . . isn't there some kind of women's protest down the road in Newbury? Next week, the navy 'girls'*

Sparks will fly

In replying to the energy debate at the Labour conference this week, Tony Benn said that plutonium from Britain's power reactors is being used in American nuclear weapons — a claim the government and the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) have persistently denied. The argument will, we predict, take a dramatic new twist on Monday when CND publishes its long-awaited evidence to the Sizewell Inquiry. Do not expect CEGB chairman Sir Walter Marshall to have, as the Americans say, a 'nice day'.

Identity crisis

There was to have been a press conference this Friday (5 October) to announce details of the Arts Council's new 'corporate identity'. It's been put off till 16 October. Could they by any chance have included the Hayward too prominently . . . ?

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PEACE PROTESTS ROLL CALL (7)

Total arrested to date in UK and Eire: 5659

Greenham Common — **Arrests to date by location**
Total to 31 July '84: 1866
Total to 31 August: 1897

1.8.84. Diane Whomsley arrested and charged with obstruction. Fined £15 and further fined for failing to surrender to custody on 6 April. Pl. guilty and fined £30 and £20 costs. **1**

7.8.84. Penny Rackett and Anne Thompson arrested and charged with damaging a wooden fence belonging to Newbury District Council. **2**

9.8.84. 26 Greenham women arrested during a demonstration at the main (yellow) gate on Nagasaki day. 25 accused of obstruction and one alleged to have committed a public order offence. All bailed to appear before Newbury Magistrates on 21 Aug. Details to follow. **26**

6.3.84. Karen M. Bone arrested and charged with damaging a refuse lorry without lawful excuse. Pl. not guilty — explained to magistrates that her entire home at Greenham camp had been thrown into the refuse lorry including £100 sleeping bag. Fined £30 and £10 costs. The woman had still been unsuccessful in trying to retrieve the expensive sleeping bag from the council. (*Incl. in March figs*)

8.8.84. Yvonne Flynn and Erica Vonboltenstern. Arrested and charged with cr. damage (to value unknown but under £400) to section of the perimeter fence. Details of hearing to follow. **2**

12 & 13 May 84. 3 women, Barbara Gordon, Janet M. McLaughlin and Lorna Richardson appeared at Newbury Magistrates Court on 3 Sept. each facing two charges of cr. damage to the perimeter fence in May. Details to follow. (*Incl. in May figs*)

21.6.84. Barbara Weston arrested and charged with £5.70 worth of cr. damage to USAF 18 wheel 16 ton military vehicle. Sentenced to 14 days in jail for refusing to pay £30 fine plus court costs of £35 and also £5.70 compensation. (*Incl. in June figs*)

7.5.84. Elizabeth Shaw and Leah Thalmane arrested and charged with cr. damage. Fined £40 and £10 and £50 and £15 costs respectively. (*Incl. in May figs*)

26.7.84. Bat Dimyon arrested and charged with cr. damage. Refused to pay £40 fine and £10 costs and sentenced to 7 days in jail. (*Incl. in July figs*)

Oct. 83. Margaret Norman aged 27 from Sheffield bound over for 3 years at Reading Crown Court in July in the sum of £100 and ordered to pay £50 legal costs. Margaret was one of a group of women demonstrating against the arrival of cruise missiles last autumn. (*Incl. in Oct. 83 figs*)

16.8.84. Lesley Westbury of Greenham Common Peace Camp jailed for 21 days by Newbury Magistrates for failing to pay outstanding fines amounting to £101.

Royal Ordnance Factory, Burghfield

Caroline James of Greenham Common Peace Camp pleaded guilty at Reading Magistrates Court to causing cr. damage at the factory — she chose to serve 14 days in jail rather than pay £100. **1**

Norwich

16.11.83. 5 people arrested after staging a 'die-in'. **5**

Brawdy Womens Peace Camp, Wales (US Naval facility — submarine tracking station)

24.8.84. 10 women arrested. One woman entered the base and after being questioned for over an hour was released. The other 9 women were charged with obstructing the highway and were bailed to appear in Haverfordwest Magistrates on 4 Sept. **10**

25.8.84. 15 women entered the base. 7 women had to be carried down from a rooftop. 2 women managed to enter the inner compound. All later released without charge.

26.8.84. 4 women entered the base and on 30 Aug. another 4 women entered the inner compound again.

Mildenhall USAF Base, Suffolk **1**

April 84. 1 arrest outside base. Man caught changing the RAF signs to USAF. He was charged with cr. damage and his hearing was in Mildenhall on 30 July.

27.5.84. 7 arrests. 7 persons climbed over the base gate and planted seeds and plants along site of old footpath. Later released without charge. **7**

Lakenheath USAF Base **2**

16.4.84. 2 persons arrested when a group of 30 took down sections of fence. One charge later dropped. Only one person now charged with cr. damage.

Sculthorpe USAF Base, Norfolk **3**

16.4.84. 4 persons cut base fence and made CND signs on the grass with lime and fertiliser. The police followed up after a newspaper article printed three of their names; they still don't know the name of the fourth person. The 3 have been charged with cr. damage and have pleaded not guilty. Hearing date sometime in Sept. A Mad Hatters Tea Party took place on 17.4.84. inside the base. People used the same holes in the fence to enter.

Please send new information to ***Janey Hulme*** *at the* New Statesman. *Further arrest details, for which we have no space here, will appear in later Roll Calls.*

Greenham US case isn't over by a long chalk

GREENHAM WOMEN have filed an appeal against this August's decision by a New York judge that he wasn't competent to hear evidence in the women's case against deployment of cruise missiles in Britain.

The Federal Court judge ruled that he lacked legal power to review the arguments for and against cruise deployment and therefore the case, brought by 12 British women, one American woman, and two US Congressmen, couldn't be given a full hearing.

Briefs for the appeal won't be filed until next month — and it could be a further six months before the Court of Appeals holds its review of the lower court's decision.

Ann Simon of the Center for Constitutional Rights in New York, and a lawyer for the plaintiffs, says that the appeal will be based on the contradiction in the original decision: 'The judge decided that he couldn't decide. We got stymied. He prevented us from arguing the case, even though he said that the court *has* jurisdiction to review Presidential decisions about foreign affairs, or in this case nuclear weapons.'

The Greenham women will again be asking supporters on both sides of the Atlantic to submit legal arguments on their behalf. 'The law suit helps us organise against cruise missiles', says Bruce Cronin of *Mobilization for Survival, a coalition* of 170 US peace groups. 'The Greenham women have kept the issue alive. Despite the initial deployment, it's not all over.'

Susan Jaffe

Melanie Friend

Spirit of Greenham — a rest from those confrontation pictures. Kay, 73, of Bromley & Orpington CND, talks to Ruth from York.

Doors slam on YTS blacks

RACIST practices on the Youth Training Scheme (YTS) have been uncovered by a team of researchers from Bristol University. Their MSC-commissioned report, *Ethnic Minorities and the Youth Training Scheme*, is published next week.

The team uncovered some astonishing examples of racism by firms who were asked to take on trainees. They found evidence from all three case-studies — a county council in the south west, a metropolitan borough in the north, and two London boroughs — that some firms refuse young people on grounds of race, and that managing agents are sometimes reluctant to report this.

One firm complained about being sent an Asian youngster for an office rather than a shopfloor placement. Another Asian youngster was made so unpopular in a retail firm that he left YTS altogether.

The manager of a group training scheme was told by a friend who owned a garage, 'You're a **** sending me a ****'in black 'un'. This manager told the researchers it was 'virtually impossible to challenge such attitudes since it would take time for them to appreciate that a minority of young black and Asian people are good workers even if the majority are lazy.' According to the report, 'He felt this especially applied to "West Indians" who tend to "wander round with a great big smile on their faces, thinking tomorrow will come so why bother about today."'

In another instance, according to a careers officer, 22 white girls obtained placements in different hairdressing firms, but three black applicants were unsuccessful. Most of the firms denied they were racist. 'They justified their position by referring to the attitudes of customers who were reported as wanting to avoid physical contact with black people.'

According to the report, the belief in racist stereotypes (such as Asians being 'lazy' and West Indians 'happy go lucky') 'was especially true of those working in the private sector.'

Paul Lewis, director of the campaigning charity Youthaid, calls the report 'a major challenge to the MSC's way of operating.'

Quentin McDermott

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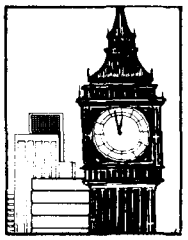

PETER KELLNER

Labour's Emperor goes shopping for his clothes

IN OPPOSITION, a Labour Party leader has only one power: to allocate portfolios among those whom Labour MPs elect to the shadow cabinet. Under Labour's constitution he has no other explicit authority. Labour's deputy leader is in an even worse position: he has no power whatsoever.

This week Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley have been reminded in the harshest terms of these facts. The elaborate system that produced their election last year was roughly equivalent to an award by the party of a post-dated gift token: when — if — Labour returns to Government, they will have all the power and resources at the disposal of a prime minister and his deputy. Until then they may bask in the legitimacy of their election, the prestige of their position and a handful of fringe benefits, like ready access to TV and radio.

But when it comes to making anything happen inside the Party, Mr Kinnock receives no help from the constitution — a constitution that describes him as 'leader', but simultaneously denies him the right to command any troops to follow. He can only function by doing two things simultaneously: creating the impression that he has power, so that the Party will accept an authority he in fact lacks, and squaring enough of the people who know the real score, so that he wins the votes that matter in the Executive and at Conference.

As long as the leader can maintain the public illusion and sustain the private influence, he has practically all the room he needs to do what he wants. The most important point about Monday's votes on re-selection was that the illusion and the influence were seen to evaporate. He left Brighton a year ago draped in victory. He arrived in Blackpool this week naked.

As Mr Kinnock said after his defeat, the issue of party democracy will not go away, and neither should it. But the more urgent task is for Mr Kinnock to reconstruct his own power-base inside the Party. It was not as if, in some massive struggle between two disciplined armies, Mr Kinnock found himself on the losing side on a matter of deep principle. There was, in fact, a two-to-one defeat for the resolution that offered the clearest defence of the status quo. What happened was, in some ways, more damaging to Labour. Monday's votes demonstrated failings of calculation, communication and planning by the Kinnock camp: the very qualities in which a Labour leader in opposition must excel if he is to overcome his inbuilt lack of power.

Of course, it might now have seemed very different had the Transport Workers' delegation voted to support the re-selection changes. Three weeks ago the Kinnock camp were certain they would: Moss Evans had promised to deliver the delegation. Even after the union's executive had voted by 27 to 7 against the changes, there was little panic: the executive is not the delegation, and the delegation has a long, though not always honourable, tradition of making up its own mind.

The immediate cause of Monday's defeat flows from that complacent assumption. According to one of Mr Kinnock's supporters in the union, too little notice was taken of the scale of the executive's vote: 'Neil should have seen that there were very real fears in the union, and not just on the far Left, about his proposals. He could have worked to meet those fears. He didn't, and he lost'. Following the delegation's decision on Sunday morning, Kinnock spent the next 24 hours trying to do what he should have spent the previous three months doing: trading with the unions that would normally support him in order to sort out the problems. It was too late. His final offer, at Monday lunchtime, to propose an 'electoral college' at constituency level, so that both individual members and trade union affiliates could take part in re-selection, didn't shift the transport workers.

WHAT LESSONS are to be learnt from this shambles? The most immediate point is that, if Mr Kinnock is to shift the Party towards greater democracy, or indeed to any other substantial change in its policies or practices, he must properly prepare the ground first. On re-selection he ignored this obvious point. True, this is said with the luxury of hindsight, but it is better to analyse mistakes even afterwards than not at all. I believe that the lack of preparation had three distinct stages, and each demonstrates weaknesses in Mr Kinnock's office.

The first mistake was to wait until July to propose the rule change. Had the proposal first been floated last winter, there would have been time to encourage a debate within the constituencies and unions. Criticisms of the mechanics, as apart from the principle, of one-member-one-vote, could have been dealt with. But until the summer, the Kinnock camp did not believe a rule change was necessary. Only when they absorbed the constitution's small print did they appreciate that one-member-one-vote could only occur by changing constitution.

Mr Kinnock's second mistake was to believe that as long as he spoke loudly enough in support of the change, he could count on sufficient loyalty among the unions that voted for him last year to back him this year. He acted, it must be said, with considerable courage — for example, when he wrote a long letter to MPs two days before July's National Executive meeting putting the case for OMOV. But this was not backed up with any organised political operation to persuade doubters and those who wanted to avoid more constitutional change, whatever its merits.

Thirdly, when it became apparent that such worries existed, Mr Kinnock did too little to allay them. He relied on Moss Evans to deliver the transport workers' delegation and seemed to think that was sufficient. This tactic involved two errors of judgement: first that Moss Evans would deliver the delegation; second that the only thing that mattered was to square the union barons and all was well. In its way Mr Kinnock's behaviour was as high-handed as the right-wing leadership in the 1950s. The difference is that 30 years ago the barons did deliver.

Writing this gives me no pleasure. I hoped that the re-selection change would be approved and, although Mr Kinnock understandably played down the significance of his defeat, it was a serious setback for party democracy. Moreover, for all his misjudgements, Mr Kinnock acted far more honestly than those of his critics who issued bogus calls for 'unity', when all they really wanted was the untrammelled right to deselect MPs irrespective of the views of ordinary local members.

Monday, however, demonstrated that charisma, moral courage and an ability to make an outstanding speech, such as Mr Kinnock's on Tuesday, are not enough. Nor is it enough, although it is essential, to repair the damage that Labour inflicted on itself over issues such as defence and incomes policy. Given his lack of formal power within the party, Mr Kinnock needs to listen to allies who will bring him the bad news, and then know when to accommodate it rather than dismiss it. At the end of an otherwise remarkably successful first year as party leader, it is an important weakness. Perhaps the one good thing to come out of Monday was that there is still some time to rectify it.

The paradox that Mr Kinnock's performance exposes is this. If Labour were in office, Mr Kinnock would have at his disposal powers over policy making and bargains he could strike with union leaders, that he presently lacks. Single-minded determination at Number 10 can pay off, as Mrs Thatcher has demonstrated. But away from office the problems and complexities of party leadership are greater. Contrary to conventional wisdom, Mr Kinnock has demonstrated during the past three months that he has the skills to make an effective prime minister. He has yet to demonstrate the skills to make a completely effective leader of the opposition. □

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FOR HEART, SOUL AND POWER

A Conservative activist, who chooses to remain anonymous, looks at the political struggles going on beneath the scarcely ruffled surface of Tory unity, as the party prepares for Brighton

THE TORY party's greatest strength is in its apparent unity. True there are the occasional hiccups — the odd backbench maverick and the occasional 'wet' with a social conscience; but all told the Tory party machine seems to remain free of factional discontent.

To underline this, Mrs Thatcher can be assured of her ten-minute standing ovation next week at Brighton from a party conference loyal to the point of sycophancy. But beneath the facade of unity there rages a battle for the heart and soul of the Conservative Party — a battle which is focussed on Conservative Central Office, on the voluntary party activists and, since the last general election, on the Parliamentary Party itself.

In 1947, commenting on the rise to power of the progressive (wet) wing of the Conservative Party, Harold Macmillan wrote '. . . there was always a progressive element in the party; but it has never dominated the party. Now it has seized control, not by force or palace revolution, but by the vigour of its intellectual and spiritual power.' Ironically, nearly 30 years later it was right-wing elements which found themselves in exactly the same position.

The right-wing alliance, which propelled Mrs Thatcher into the leadership, did so from a comparatively weak position. But what it lacked in numbers, it more than compensated for in intellectual vigour. No matter that the Thatcher alliance included within it inherent ideological contradictions, encompassing both the old 'authoritarian' (Monday Club) Right — stressing patriotism, the family, immigration controls, morality — and the new 'libertarian' Right — espousing minimum government interference and maximum individual licence. A heady mixture of Poujadism, combined with an intense hatred for the 'crypto-socialist' progressive elements in the party, provided a more than adequate cement to keep the Thatcherite alliance together, albeit under the new Right's control and direction.

The current battle within the Conservative Party is the result of a reaction against this predominance of the new libertarian Right. It is a predominance which is particularly apparent in the field of policy and ideas. A plethora of new Right organisations, such as the Adam Smith Institute, the Institute of Economic Affairs and the Institute of Directors, pump out the policy options. At least until 1979, alternatives to these new Right ideas came out of the official Conservative Research Department, under its director, the young arch-wet Chris Patten. Resistance from this quarter ended with Patten's departure to the House of Commons and control passed to the new Right.

The response to the predominance of the new Right thought has been mixed. The old authoritarian Right, while accepting much of its free enterprise, pro-privatisation approach, rejects its 'social libertarianism'; not for them a society based on market forces alone with no regard for Church, Queen and Country. In an attempt to curtail the spread of libertarian thought, the old authoritarian Right has established new structures to co-ordinate its intellectual response. The Salisbury Group, centered on Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and the Conservative Philosophy Group, both including Dr Roger Scruton, are the two key organisations in the authoritarian Right's fight back. In addition, the Monday Club remains an important link between the intellectuals of the authoritarian Right and their supporters within the party as a whole.

A standing ovation for Mrs T despite intra-party strife. (Didn't someone else get slammed for waving like this?)

Camera Press

The response from the progressive Right has been less energetic. Since the loss of the Research Department there has been hushed talk of launching a new policy 'think tank', but after four years it remains little more than talk. The series of Parliamentary 'wet' dining clubs and books from senior Tory backbenchers only underline the disjointed and apathetic nature of the progressive Right's response.

It has been left to the Tory Reform Group to produce a coherent intellectual response. Consisting as it does of party activists, it is a role to which it is manifestly unsuited and incapable of fulfilling adequately. Indeed, the sense of isolation felt by the Tory Reform Group is now so pronounced that it feels it necessary to prove its true Tory credentials by holding a fringe meeting at Conference on the subject of 'fighting the revolutionary left'.

IN THE FIELD of ideas, libertarian thought makes the running. But numerically within the party (and particularly within the Parliamentary party) the libertarian Right remains weak. It is a weakness of which its

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members have been aware and worked to overcome. Their attentions have focused on the voluntary side of the Party's organisation, especially the youth sections.

The importance of the Young Conservatives and of the Federation of Conservative Students were well understood and they were used as routes to a Parliamentary career for those young men without the connections of aristocracy and advantages of wealth which were necessary for advancement before reforms in candidate selection methods back in the 1940s.

In fact the national leadership of the YCs and FCS has supplied a steady flow of moderates, including Peter Walker, Nick Scott, John Gummer and David Hunt. Breaking that flow became of paramount importance to the new libertarian Right, not just to stop wets rising in the Party, but to secure a channel to Parliament for their own supporters. Although there had been previous successes by them in capturing the chairmanship of FCS, these had proved shortlived, due — so far as the libertarians were concerned — to the opposition of the powerful 'Youth and Community Affairs Department' at Conservative Central Office, which maintains its own regional network of organisers.

A two-pronged attack was launched. With organisational advice from the US-based Heritage Foundation, the 'libertarians' seized and maintained control of FCS. Later it was discovered that thousands of pounds had been used through a special 'factional' bank account to finance bogus delegates to FCS meetings (this was the subject of a party enquiry). A second move in 1980 at Conservative Central Office eliminated any opposition from the Youth and Community Affairs Department. At a stroke the regional organisers were made redundant, followed six months later by the national organisers and their assistants. These developments led a generation of FCS leaders to defect to the newly formed SDP.

Today the struggle has intensified. Of all the party institutions, only the national Young Conservatives continue to resist the trend. Two new libertarian activist groups have been formed to consolidate their grip on the FCS and to extend their base further — the Libertarian Alliance and the Adam Smith Club.

The Libertarian Alliance makes no bones about its stance on issues like sex, legalisation of heroin, homosexuality and prostitution — it supports them all.

Since the last election, the libertarians now have some supporters in Parliament, though most of them are pretty cautious about how far they go in public. Matthew Parris MP, who is scheduled to speak at a conference fringe meeting on homosexuality, will probably go further than most, since he has already gone so far as to describe Christianity and Marxism as 'alien doctrines'. The current favourite of the new libertarian Right is Michael Forsyth MP (a former FCS national chairman) who entertains similar views on morality and society as does his band of ex-York and St Andrews University colleagues.

WHAT HAS BEEN Mrs Thatcher's response to these various warrings? There are signs that she thinks they have gone far enough. Within Conservative Central Office there have already been changes and there are more to come. On the advice of John Wakeham, her Chief Whip, David Hunt MP has been placed in charge of candidate selection to look out for 'lunatic fringe libertarians'. A new Vice-Chairman, Tom Arnold MP, now oversees the Research Department and most significant of all, Hal Miller MP has been appointed as a new party Vice-Chairman with responsibility for the Youth Section. Miller's first action as Vice-Chairman was to cut the FCS budget by nearly 40 per cent.

The seemingly innocent decision of the party Conference organisers to accept behind the scenes demands from the Young Conservatives for a debate on heroin is a deliberate attempt by the Party establishment to 'expose' libertarians. Indeed it was remarkable that at the last annual general meeting of the FCS Mrs Thatcher actually endorsed the progressive-authoritarian alliance which opposed the new libertarian Right ticket of candidates for office. Mrs Thatcher while accepting the new Right's ideas on economic liberalism, is not attempting to jettison the rest of their package. But can the Frankenstein of the libertarian Right be brought under control? The answer is probably yes but only through a rather strange marriage of convenience between the old authoritarian Right and progressive elements. The quiet changes at Central Office mark the start of a new and interesting battle — which once again will be fought behind closed doors. □

This England

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□South Yorkshire police have been banned by their Chief Constable Mr Peter Wright from 'tribal' banging of riot shields when facing picketing miners. Senior officers said the beating was 'provocative'. A spokesman said complaints had been received about 'this spontaneous tactic of beating the staffs on the shield like Maori warriors and Zulus.' Policemen disobeying the order could face disciplinary action. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

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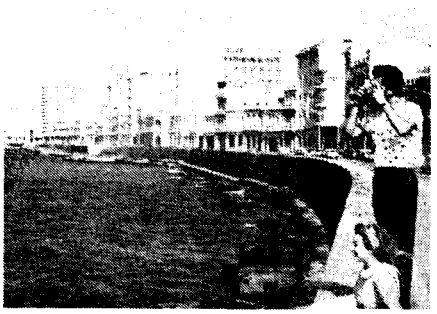

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HARNESSING MARKET FORCES

John Grahl continues our occasional series by examining the sorry state of socialist economic theory. How do we re-interpret the old aspirations to make them feasible in today's world?

AROUND 1884, when the Fabian Society was born, George Bernard Shaw abandoned the labour theory of value. Asa Briggs, introducing a reprint of the original *Fabian Essays*, rightly regards this event as historically important: by his rejection of the Marxian doctrine, and attachment to the then novel and somewhat obscure notion of marginal utility, Shaw may be said to have inaugurated a distinct Fabian line of socialist economics — although the economic essays he contributed to that famous volume were still heavily influenced by Marx's writings.

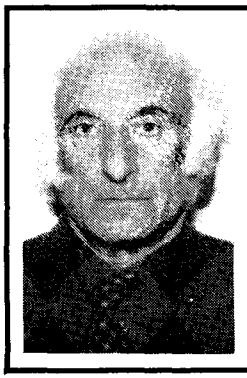
In a way, the Fabians anticipated the more thoroughgoing apostasy of Edward Bernstein and the revisionists in the German Socialist movement a decade later. Long and bitter have been the disputes which followed, above all about political means — Fabian penetration of the existing State, or its Marxist overthrow.

Do these battles within socialist economic thought still matter? At the centenary of the Fabian Society it seems unlikely — rather we appear to be faced, to adapt a phrase from Marx, with 'the common ruin' of the contending parties. Socialist economic practice, certainly, seems generally checked and discredited by what should be the major opportunity presented by a full-blown capitalist crisis.

In the actual socialism of the Soviet Union and the East, central economic planning has encountered problems which it is increasingly implausible to regard as accidents of either history or geography. The problems — waste, shortages, bureaucracy — are, rather, basic effects of the economic structure; as development proceeds, and consumption and production become more complicated, centralised management gets more difficult.

If Comecon's version, at least, of Marxist economics is in trouble, things do not appear much more hopeful for the Western line of socialist advance. This has corresponded to Fabian notions, although the ideas behind Western socialist achievements owe as much to heretical liberals like Keynes and Beveridge as to specifically Fabian thinkers. In the West, the Fabian aspiration to control the market economy has seemed almost as futile as the Marxist attempt to suppress it. In many Western countries, socialists are in opposition, unable to persuade voters that they have effective economic strategies to meet the recession.

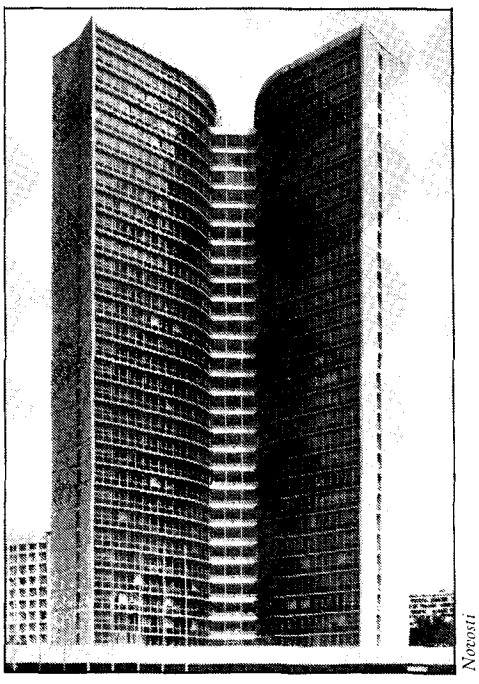
The major exception — France — is, if anything, even more worrying, because it is clear that there a major attempt at a socialist solution to the crisis has gone badly wrong. The French failure has serious implications for socialist policy in Britain, since the Alternative Economic Strategy developed by the British Left is, in most variants, very much like a diluted version of the French programme. Not surprisingly, the Alternative Strategy has lost a lot of adherents; in particular the TUC finds it to be at odds with the 'new realism'. Another symptom of serious policy difficulties on the Left is the demise of the Cambridge Economic Policy Group, long the most influential body of opinion behind Labour's economic thinking.



Professor Alec Nove, author of the recently published *Economics of Feasible Socialism*, will reply to this article next week.

Such problems of policy reflect a more fundamental crisis of socialist perspectives. Lately, in some cases, this has taken pretty bizarre forms — a new fascination with religion, a strange (for socialists) attraction towards the thinking of Hobbes, and other signs of discouragement. However, neglecting such extreme phenomena, we can still detect increasing doubt and uncertainty over the long-term aims which orientate current policy, over the models of socialist economy towards which we seek to move.

A planned economy, common ownership — in what concrete ways do we interpret such aspirations today? What makes them desirable objectives? Practical policy becomes disorientated and even unprincipled if we don't have at least provisional answers to such questions.



Novosti

Comecon's gloomy structure

A DETAILED examination of these long-term perspectives is made by Alec Nove, in his recent book, the *Economics of Feasible Socialism*. As a specialist on the Eastern economies, Nove bases his arguments particularly on his studies of Marxism and of the Soviet economy. But, since the Fabian tradition is also statist and centralist, presumably both are exposed to Nove's critique of centralised economic control.

Today, of course, the limits to centralisation are widely perceived as a problem by socialists; typical responses invoke, with more or less Rousseauesque enthusiasm, the virtues of local autonomy, of worker participation, of decentralised democracy and so on.

Nove is certainly not against participation or democracy, but he insists that effective economic decentralisation must also involve *markets*, *competition* and *moneterised exchange*.

According to Nove, many socialist schemes for decentralisation are utopian, because they try to do away with both central administrative control *and* market exchange. An abstract and rigid view of market processes has been behind the weakness of socialist economies when challenged by a resurgence of free-market doctrines -- monetarism and neo-liberalism.

One aspect of this weakness has been a very narrow concentration on aspects of the new market-orientated theories. It has proved easy enough, for example, to indict the Thatcher and Reagan regimes of gross technical errors in monetary policy. There have been, again, plenty of socialist critiques of monetarism as an ideology.

But such approaches have failed to do much damage to the enemy — they underestimate the contemporary potency of doctrines which aggressively assert the role of competition and market relations in economic life. Such doctrines derive material support from actual social developments, such as the breaking down of state boundaries in manufacture and exchange. And there are also strong forces within advanced economies — East and West — which tend to enhance the role of markets: economic growth itself is an important example: higher levels of income and massive productivity increases make for increasing elaboration and complication in how things are produced and what consumers want. Only de-centralised systems, by Nove's argument — markets -- prove capable of handling this complexity.

Socialist theory has responded to such problems by arguing that many needs can be met by local decentralised political systems. But this may be an inadequate response if that local

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Beryl's just wild about flowers

Which could explain why, this past summer, Mobil's massive 500,000 tonne 204 metre tall platform was sporting a sunflower on her crown.

This bit of horticultural frippery wasn't merely the handiwork of home-sick roustabouts trying to recreate their gardens 95 miles southeast of Shetland.

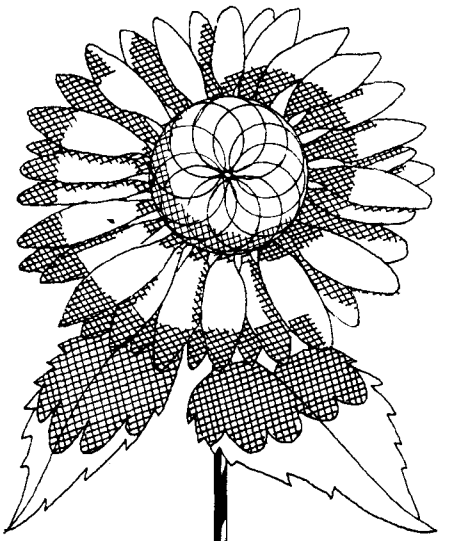
There was a much more noble motive behind the care lavished on Beryl's cherished *genus helianthus*.

The exercise was part of a North Sea-wide charitable drive: a sponsored sunflower-growing competition with cash donated to the Royal Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in proportion to inches of floral growth. In the Beryl field, the competition was run by the first and only charitable foundation in the North Sea.

Composed entirely of those who work on or in support of the Beryl sister platforms, the foundation has already made a substantial impact on the Aberdeen area and beyond. Among the beneficiaries of its largesse have been local hospitals, the handicapped, and children's homes. Sunflowers aside, funds have been raised through sponsored runs, cycle marathons, and even a chicken-eating contest.

Making money is the primary business of every offshore platform. But on Beryl A and her newly-operational sister, Beryl B, *raising* money for worthy causes has taken a healthy second place in platform priorities.

Beryl may sport a jaunty flower on her crown. But she wears her heart on her sleeve.



Mobil | Beryl B

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provision and control is inefficient, and responsive and efficient supply is often hard to obtain without competition and exchange.

Lack of respect for spontaneous social trends can be an enormous political handicap. Many of the most successful reforms and interventions of socialists in the past arose from their recognition of how society was changing — a sympathetic grasp of urbanisation, for example, which allowed socialists to respond to the tensions resulting from the growth of industrial cities. Today, frequently, one has the opposite impression of a profound lack of sympathy with actual social trends such as home ownership and a resulting difficulty in making forward-looking proposals.

It has to be acknowledged that neo-liberal thought often displays a sharper intellectual grasp of spontaneous social change, which has informed both its defence of markets and, often more important, its attack on state interventionism and the public sphere. In that attack neo-liberals have argued for rules rather than discretionary decisions to guide government relations with the market economy, a case which in many ways socialists might find persuasive.

Neo-liberals have developed an extensive and, on occasion, very penetrating critique of administrative and political decision-making: ironically this often draws on the critiques of big business and private monopoly developed by left-wing and radical economists in the thirties and forties; nevertheless, it can often hit the target. In the broader field of political economy — once all but monopolised by the Left — impressive studies are now being presented by the Right, for example Ohlin's doctrine of the increasing rigidity of stable economic systems. Some of this work is, no doubt, crude; more of it is fundamentally wrong. But the necessary replies, critiques, alternatives have not always been forthcoming.

One particular strength of contemporary free-market thinking has been its inventive command of the inter-connections between law and economics: much of the neo-liberal agenda is to be acheived by the redefinition of property rights rather than by the multiplication of government agencies. By this means, strategies for deregulation and privatisation can be given a very political direction — here again an impressive, if often brutal, aspect of the enemy's economic thought to which we have responded somewhat sluggishly. Housing is, again, a key example. But in principle, these weapons could work effectively for socialists — how much could be accomplished by redefining the conditions of limited liability for private companies?

IN ECONOMIC strategy, as in politics, recent setbacks raise hard questions for socialists of Fabian, Marxist, or other traditions. Where can, or ought one to give way? Where stand one's ground? Which is the most advantageous area for a counter-attack? Economic policy considerations will no doubt closely correlate with similar political choices. To me, a comprehensive rebuttal of the whole neo-liberal position seems neither possible nor desirable; strategic concessions should be made towards economic individualism and in the assessment of market mechanisms.

The dangers and ambiguities of such an approach have been well rehearsed and so it is worth stressing that the alternative 'no retreat' approach to economic policy also has its drawbacks. The refusal to concede any territory can lead to costly and uncontrolled rout when the front collapses. An instructive example is the debacle of Labour's EEC policy — where withdrawal, in the end, was dropped by personal decree of the party leader in a purely tactical context. The result is a complete vacuum — since withdrawal has been a shibboleth for so long, no principled socialist perspective for participation in the EEC exists.

It is the need to re-examine perspectives which makes Nove's focus on *feasible* socialist economic relations such a useful contribution. Key characteristics of his model are: limits to the economic competence of government vis-à-vis individual and small-scale production; insistence that this limit to government control involves not just 'decentralisation' in general, but market exchanges in particular; finally the use of market relations, when subject to overall democratic supervision, as perhaps *the* key method of detailed economic organisation.

Nove is not, however, putting forward anything which would be acceptable to those who want only to tinker with the existing set-up. His model of socialism excludes large concentrations of private wealth — all enterprises above a critical size are to be co-operatively or state-owned. Nevertheless it remains *mixed* economy in the sense that control is exercised by some combination of centralised administration and market competition.

Such a combination, the very presence of money and market exchange, is likely to disqualify Nove's model of socialism for those who take the Hegelian view that commodities and money are already capitalism in essence. Yet there is little historical basis for this metaphysical identification. The French historian Fernand Braudel, who works largely in the Marxist tradition, insists on the opposite: markets and exchange emerge as a direct consequence of popular efforts to improve material conditions. For Braudel, capitalist enterprise can develop as a superstructure on such markets when they attain sufficient scale and inter-connection, but capital is far from being the same thing as exchange. Braudel's detailed assessment of Western economic history and Nove's accounts of Soviet economic experience make for the same conclusion: markets can only be suppressed at great material cost to working people.

WHAT ARE the strategic implications of this view? It can be suggested that the key task is not to repeat the radical condemnation of markets, nor to revamp the demand management strategies of the Labour Right in the sixties. Rather, while accepting many specific aspects of the neo-liberal position, it is necessary to re-build the case for overall public control of economic processes and for effective interventions to alter market outcomes.

And since this case will have to be *made* and will not be accepted *a priori* on ethical or ideological grounds by more than a minority, there is a clear need to focus attention on controls and interventions which *work* and can thus demonstrate the validity of the case. Simply contesting the boundary between public and private sectors is unlikely to be an effective means of achieving this.

For example, an effective field for intervention would be on those ecological issues, where by widespread agreement there are large-scale failures of the market. The same example would also illustrate the possibility of realigning socialist economic thought with the actual development processes of our society.

But the key problems needing effective intervention are clearly unemployment and stagnation, where intense popular concern goes along with a profound disbelief in present socialist remedies, whether these are the thoroughgoing left versions of the Alternative Strategy or souped-up Wilsonite exercises in wage-restraint and demand expansion. (The weird amalgam of these which was presented as 'New Hope for Britain' in the 1983 election is probably best forgotten.)

Unemployment on the present scale seems to call for two parallel lines of attack. On the one hand we need short-run expedients, simple temporary measures — as cost effective as possible — to defend the victims of the capitalist crisis. A refusal to disguise such measures as 'training' or 'restructuring' might well command widespread respect.

Secondly, and more fundamentally, the challenge to socialist economic thought is to contribute to the resumption of economic development. Here, after all, the failures of contemporary free-market economics are as great as ever, with little change since Adam Smith noted the inability of private investment to undertake long-run projects. 'Growth models', that is coherent patterns of economic advance, with clear sectoral priorities and established lines of technological change, are essentially social constructs.

Indeed, the exhaustion of one 'growth model' and the need for a successor to it seems to trap private investment and free market finance in a vicious circle. Major uncertainty about the future of the system raises risk premiums on credit markets, increases rates of interest, shortens financial time-horizons and thus inhibits the experimentation and research which alone could work to establish a new growth model and reduce uncertainties.

Economic theorists of all ideological colours agree about the damage resulting from major institutional and market uncertainty, but so far no group has produced an effective stabilising strategy. To contribute to a viable framework for renewed development is perhaps the central challenge to socialist economic theory today. As yet, Fabians and Marxists seem both unprepared for this task — both still fixed in the perspectives (whether positive or critical) adopted during the long prosperity of a now obsolete growth model.

Schematic and separatist thinking however can only limit socialist influence on the constitution of a new model of growth; an inability to discuss and compromise with other political traditions and movements, again, can do nothing but harm. Nevertheless, if the socialist view of human needs and capacities has any truth at all, then economic 'recovery' not influenced by socialist and labour movements is likely to be little better than the crisis it resolves.

John Grahl is a lecturer in economics at Queen Mary College and a member of the Communist Party.

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DOES DOCTOR KNOW BEST?

When doctors refused to work on their estate, a group of Wigan women set up their own clinic, learned how to use speculums and how not to use tranquillisers. Sue Ashby reports

IT'S A SUMMER afternoon in Platt Bridge, a mining community on the outskirts of Wigan. Twenty women and their children are meeting in the Community Flat. Each woman has her own tale to illustrate her mistrust of the medical profession. And as organisers of a weekly Well Women Clinic and a telephone counselling service, they can tell of many other Platt Bridge women who share their experiences and attitudes.

The main impetus of the group is self-help. Mary Appleton, a founder member, explains why the group was formed two years ago: 'We have every kind of health problem on the housing estate where we live. We know it and so do local GPs. But we didn't take action until Wigan Health Authority rejected £60,000 allocated to give us a health centre, because local doctors refused to work in our community. [It is supposed to be the 'worst' estate in Wigan.] Since we got together we've caused a mini-revolution and nowadays when we open our mouths we get action.'

But the struggle between the group and the Health Authority, which allows them the use of two rooms in a local rehabilitation centre for counselling, continues. Platt Bridge Well Women's Group are almost entirely self-educated. The Health Authority, they say, was not happy about paying for them to attend training sessions on the use of speculums. They borrowed books on the subject and managed to acquire a speculum. Two of the group now use them in addition to carrying out urine and pregnancy tests.

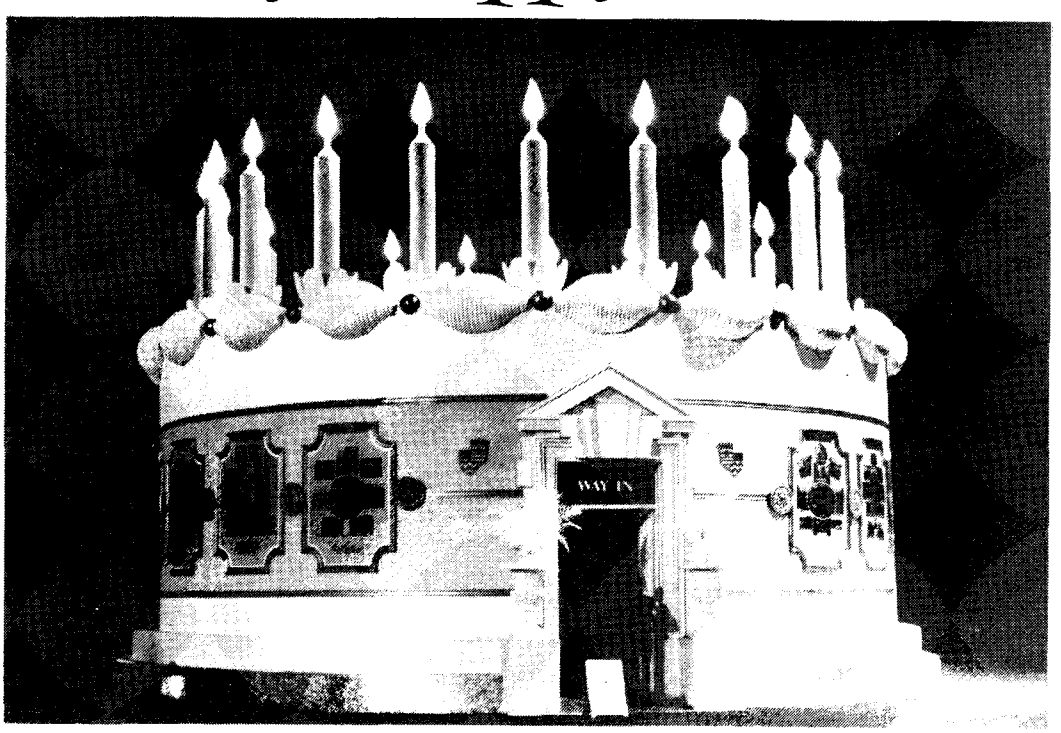
Their health knowledge has also helped them support each other in giving up the tranquillisers so many were frequently prescribed. One teenage mother worked in a drug company in nearby Bolton and her first-hand experience while handling Ativan (recommended dose one eighth of the recommended dose of Valium) is a grim testimony to the nature of such drugs. 'We were constantly breathing in dust from the tablets as we packed them. At the end of the shift we'd be high, and some of us were even hallucinating.'

The women's only trusted links with the health establishment are with the Health Education staff and Wigan's Community Health Council secretary, Bessie Goldthorpe, who is a source of information, clerical and administrative support and helped them draft their Well Women proposals for presentation to the District Health Authority. She is full of praise for the group. 'In two years they've become aware of their own potential and discovered a confidence they didn't know they had. They've run "Women and Health" and "A Second Chance for Women" courses and now six of them have enrolled for the Open University's "Health Choices".'

Unfortunately, collectives like the Platt Bridge group are rare. Most Well Women Centres are the product of negotiations between District Health Authorities and Community Health Councils, and they don't always achieve what the Well Women Campaign set out to do. As a national survey of Well Women Centres published in April by Norwich Community Health Council shows, most Well Women Centres follow the traditional clinical model, though there is some counselling and use of volunteers for running reception, creches, self-help and discussion groups. A third of 317 centres, set up in 68 Health Authorities since 1982, only offer screening.

In the North West, where deaths from cancer, strokes, artherosclerosis, heart attacks, circulatory, respiratory, heart and digestive diseases are higher than the national average, as are stillbirth and infant mortality rates, there are at least 25 Well Women Centres. But that does not mean the campaign is over. In fact, a strong network of campaigns is emerging, with women monitoring developments in Well

Many Happy Returns



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Women provision and sharing valuable experience and advice about how to influence and change the deeply entrenched male attitudes of the medical profession and health service administrators.

The desire to be examined by a woman doctor — one of the fundamental demands of the Well Women movement — has been one of several factors that resulted in Burnley women continuing their campaign after the District Health Authority introduced their idea of a Well Women Service last October — but installed a male doctor. Changing 11 cervical smear clinics to Women's Health Clinics has met neither the Community Health Council nor the women's demands in full. The clinics provide little counselling, allow no input by volunteers, use the appointment system (in one centre there is already a two-year waiting list for a first appointment), employ a male doctor and charge self-help groups for use of the premises.

Although the District Health Authority now says it accepts in principle the women's idea of a Well Women Centre with its wider ranging services, they are offering no financial commitment towards its implementation. Funding from the Health Service has also been a stumbling block in Blackburn where the Well Women Campaign has received no financial backing from the District Health Authority. They have eventually raised money for premises with £35,000 from a £1 million EEC Social Fund grant to the borough.

In Blackpool and Bury, resistance to Well Women Centres has come from what might seem an unlikely quarter, the Community Health Council secretaries themselves; both are opposing health care *specifically* for women and claim there are not significant differences between health care for men and for women. Blackpool Community Health Council secretary Ken Jones dismisses the current campaign by women's groups and the local Trades Council as 'women jumping on the bandwagon, thinking it's their right to such a service.' He did admit that sending a woman with menopausal problems to a family planning clinic had its drawbacks.

Bury's Community Health Council secretary, Paul Reynolds, has a more subtle approach to the issue. He is keen to inform local women that they will soon have their service, a full Well Women provision with counselling, screening and sex therapy. But his members have yet to provide a consultative document on Well Women Centres for discussion with the District Health Authority. And so far they have only set up a 'Well Adult Clinic', for both men and women, run by a male doctor and two health visitors.

There is a growing and defiant resistance to anything that falls short of a holistic approach to women's health and a continual challenging of the attitude that doctors know best. The model of a clinic-type health centre offered by the medical establishment is now seen by North West women as only one small element of Well Women provision. They use it, as far as possible, on their terms. But at the same time, they are demonstrating that only when Well Women Centres' users themselves play an important role in health education, screening, self-examination, fertility control, and alleviation of depression, can the Well Women movement really claim to be meeting the needs of local women. □

'Posh' papers fight their class war

Paul Foot

FOR MANY, many months now British newspapers have been howling for a ballot over the miners' strike. Last week, they got a ballot which produced a sensational result. How did they respond?

The pit deputies are underground workers. They are not managers or undermanagers. They supervise the work in every seam, and they are responsible for safety and explosives work. No seam can be worked without them.

Their union, NACODS, is very hostile to the Coal Board's new policy for closing pits and 'taking out capacity'. In April, its 17,000 members balloted on a strike against the closure policy. Fifty-four per cent voted to strike — not enough to meet the union's required two thirds majority.

In August, as part of its 'summer offensive' in the strike, the Coal Board ordered all deputies to cross all NUM picket lines. The deputies were outraged. Last week they balloted again. The issue of the picket lines was important. But it was not the only one. The first issue on the ballot paper was pit closures.

NACODS has never been on strike before. Its members are traditionally 'upwardly mobile' and therefore suspicious of militancy. Their general secretary, Peter McNestry, is a practising Roman Catholic who puts himself on the right wing of the Labour Party.

The vote was astonishing. In a secret ballot, some 90 per cent of the deputies cast their votes. 11,568 (82.5 per cent) voted to strike, 2470 (17.5 per cent) against. In a careful statement after the ballot, Mr McNestry explained that the union would be talking before striking, but would be looking for concessions from the Coal Board on pit closures.

If the deputies do strike, all the working pits will close at once. If the Coal Board wants to keep them at work, it must make concessions on closures. In other words, the NACODS vote would 'dramatically change the whole scene in the miners' strike'.

That last phrase came from Geoffrey Goodman of the *Daily Mirror*, whose piece led page 2 (after page 1 was again devoted to the burning issue of who had won a million pounds at bingo).

His piece reflected the real significance of the NACODS ballot. So did the front page lead in the *Guardian*, the only paper to report Peter McNestry's statement in full. DEPUTIES SWING BEHIND MINERS, was the *Guardian*'s headline. These were straight news reports of what was plain and clear for all to see, if only they were allowed to see it.

What of the other papers? The *Express* managed to report the news in a single paragraph, but didn't even manage a headline. The *Star* disclosed the ballot result in paragraph 14 on a story on page 2 (page 1 was taken up with a story about a rugby player's boots). The *Telegraph* preferred the entirely predictable news that a High Court judge had found the miners' strike in Yorkshire and Derbyshire unlawful because there hadn't been a ballot. The *Mail* scaled new heights with a front page story: 'The Power Runs Out of Scargill's Support'. This listed the NACODS ballot result among Mr Arthur Scargill's 'failures'!

Pride of place for bias and distortion, however, must go, as so often, to Murdoch's *Times*, for its glorious headline: PIT HOPES STILL ALIVE DESPITE DEPUTIES 82% VOTE FOR STRIKE. The word 'hopes', of course, is not an objective one. It depends who is doing the hoping. The first sentence of the story — by Paul Routledge and David Felton — leaves no doubt who hopes what: 'Hopes of containing the 7-month-old pit strike were still alive last night . . .' Mrs Thatcher's hopes are the priorities on the *Times* news desk.

THERE ARE still people around, I imagine, who believe in the old C.P. Scott notion: 'Facts are sacred, comment is free'. The fact that the deputies voted overwhelmingly for a strike is sacred. But it can easily be desecrated by the weight given to it in a newspaper, the headlines under which it is run and the comment which surrounds it. The news itself, patiently submitted by earnest reporters who understand its significance, can quickly be submerged and trivialised by a process which starts at the morning news conference, goes on through 'copy tasting' and ends with a decision by a night editor or even higher.

All these people — reporter, news editor, copy taster, sub-editor, night editor — know perfectly well that the NACODS ballot was an extraordinary expression of outrage and a terrible blow to the Coal Board. All also knew that their paper supported the Coal Board. Thus the 'sacred' fact is reported in papers like *The Times* and the *Daily Mail* as though it were its opposite. Just imagine what the same papers would have made of a 'fact' (no doubt equally sacred) that NACODS had voted 82-18 the other way.

The truth (it seems almost banal to repeat it) is that *The Times* and the *Daily Mail* are fighting the class war with every bit as much vehemence and dedication as, say, *Socialist Worker* or *Militant*, which admit it. □

Paul Foot writes a weekly column for the Daily Mirror.

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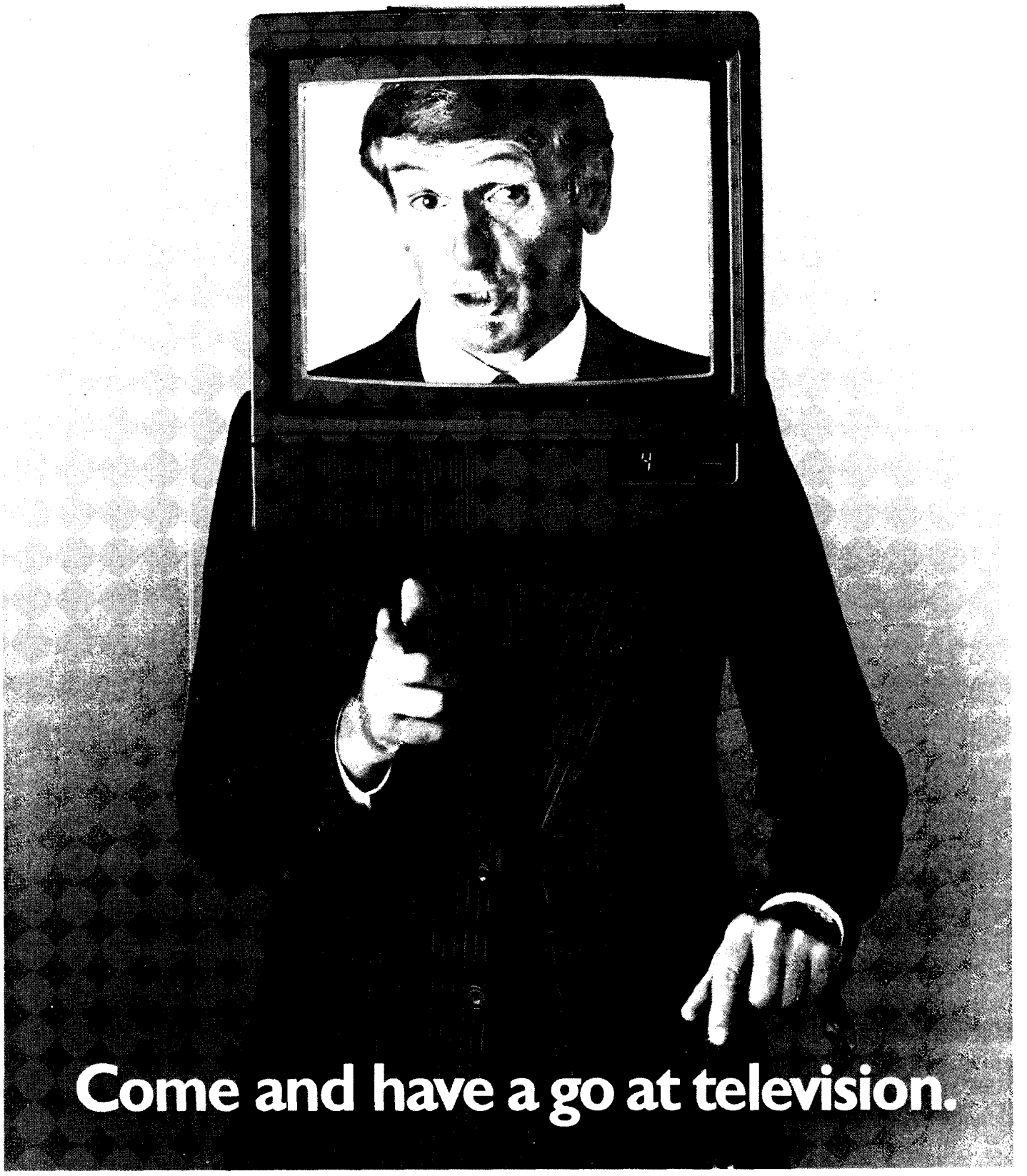

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DIARY

Christopher Price

Blackpool

'Do you realise those girls get £59 for a 70 hour week. Miners wouldn't get out of bed for that sort of money.' A reasonable rebuke from the head waiter at the Lansdowne Hotel to our complaint that we'd been waiting 15 minutes for our statutory, heart-attack-inducing cooked breakfast. The head waiter had divined the real agenda of this conference, even before the writs for contempt served on Arthur Scargill and his colleagues made it inevitable.

The anger of all the delegates from mining areas about the one-sided portrayal of violence in the newspapers and on TV bubbled up everywhere. Many tried to use the conference and its fringe as an alternative press conference to the world. I was particularly impressed by the sort of political education that youngsters in the coalfields are now receiving: a 16-year-old, in court on a charge quite irrelevant to the dispute, publicly announced as 'the son of a miner who harbours pickets'; another teenager, arrested for protesting when his father was picked up, handcuffed in the paddy wagon till his wrists bled ('No handcuffs can be too tight,' the officer told him); youngsters watching pickets, who were guests of their parents, dragged from the house to be sent back across the county boundary. As Joe Ashton pointed out, the police have a daily press conference, to feed the media with anti-picket stories. This week, they've heard the other side of the story: but very little of it has appeared in their newspapers or TV channels.

○

While many of my erstwhile PLP colleagues remain petrified by the effect of the dispute on the Party's image, many delegates seemed almost relieved that they had a proper war to fight at last. They were joined in this sentiment by Peregrine Worsthorne of the *Sunday Telegraph*, who pointed out that it was no more reasonable for Arthur Scargill to have a ballot on whether to fight Thatcher than it was for the government to have had one in 1939 on whether to fight the Germans. Worsthorne was a member of a *New Socialist* panel, at an ambitious new sort of fringe meeting — an effort to bridge the gulf between conference rhetoric and post-paper punditry. (Peter Jenkins, pundit-in-chief of the *Guardian*, was there too.) The *Question Time* format, with Roy Hattersley as a bow-tieless Robin Day in the chair, was not a success. Apart from Peregrine's flash of political realism, there was a dialogue of the deaf between the pundits and the audience. Their perceptions of the political agenda remained light years apart and only the presence of Bea Campbell and Susan Crosland on the panel made the occasion even tolerable.

○

The fringe continues to expand. The most intriguing event (which I missed) was Jeremy Corbyn (Islington North) on 'mobilisation for laboratory animals against the government's proposals'. There was also quite a lot of Low Church religion about. Chris Smith of Islington South opted for Christian Socialism in the Central Methodist Church: the Bishop of Durham seemed to be operating as a permanent TV fringe show of his own, continuing to solve the miners' strike: Neil Kinnock read the lesson in the North Shore Methodist Church in prophetic vein: 'Alas for the man who falls alone, with no man to help him up.'

In fact, after his defeat on Monday, most of his colleagues to the Left and Right remain keen to support him. The arguments in the debate on his very limited proposal for one-member-one-vote democracy were strangely paradoxical. In contrast to the reselection rows of three years ago, it was the Left who were pleading for postponement: I felt they also somewhat overdid their role as champions of trade union power within the Labour Party — an objective on which they were less keen during the Deakin decade of the 1950s. The delegates, however, were perfectly aware that the debate was really about the Reselection Handicap Steeplechase and the odds that should be offered on four of the overweight runners, Messrs Cocks, Kaufman, Shore and Silkin. But as one of them pointed out to me, if they could have persuaded their General Committees to hand over the process to the wider franchise, then they would have probably won reselection from the narrower caucus of party activists anyway.

○

Some attribute Neil's setback to his comparative innocence and undeviousness. Harold Wilson, it is said, would have fixed the TGWU first. The transport workers are, however, notoriously difficult to fix, since they leave important decisions of this kind to the last-minute whim of their delegation. Not so the General and Municipal Workers. They reserve power over policy to their National Executive and deny their conference delegates any such freedom. Often seen as a right-wing

characteristic, this convention has excellent left-wing provenance. It derives from the constitution of the newly amalgamated GMWU, drawn up in 1924 by Karl Marx's daughter, Eleanor.

○

Vidal Sassoon blames Kinnock's hairstyle. Like me, Neil will not admit he's bald, and pulls a few strands of hair across his upper forehead, in a vain attempt to dissemble. (I picked up this snippet, if that's the right word, from breakfast TV, an indulgence I only allow myself once a year, during party conference week.) Quite apart from hair by Vidal Sassoon, he had no Gordon Reece to modulate his wardrobe, voice and vocabulary, but on Tuesday's showing, he doesn't need either. The delivery and content were put together with skill, clarity and a good deal of honesty. Though he fudged endorsement of an outright Scargill victory, he put the issue of 'violence' squarely back in Thatcher's corner. Next year the demand will be for him to condemn the 'illegality' of defiant councillors. They have actually had a ballot; so next year if councillors are threatened with jail, he'll have no cause or excuse for fudging.

ROGER WODDIS

The Reporter's Tale

I prowled along the Golden Mile at Blackpool
And sought illumination on the strike.
Determined to be honest and impartial,
While knowing what my editor would like,
I came at last upon a simple miner
And pinned him to the pavement with my mike.

'How do you feel about the thuggish pickets?
Who loves ya, baby, more than the police?
Without their riot-shields and dogs and truncheons,
How could they ever hope to keep the peace?'
He scratched his head, his brutal brow was furrowed
And there was violence in every crease.

'Our aim,' he said, 'is victory at all costs,
However long and hard the road may be.
Ay, victory in spite of all the terror.'
His gaze was steady as he looked at me
And said, 'Without it there is no survival.'
How Churchill fitted in, I failed to see.

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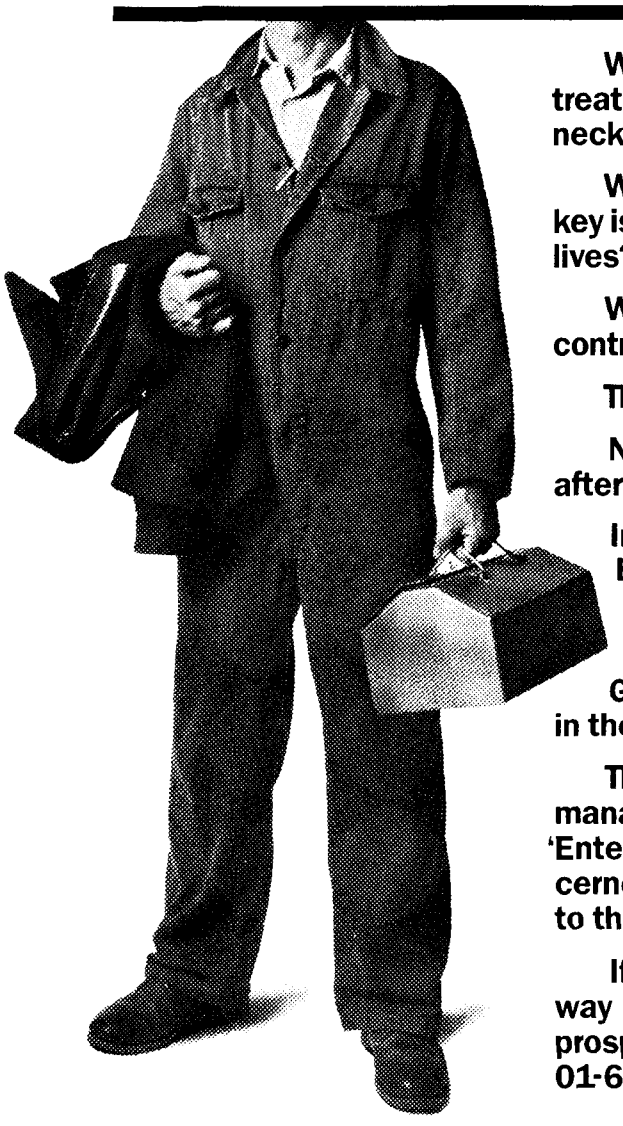

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THE DONKEY ON THE MINARET

Claudia Wright looks at the cooking up of a new negotiating initiative in Lebanon. It will satisfy needs in the US and Israel, but there's little in it for Syria — and there's the rub

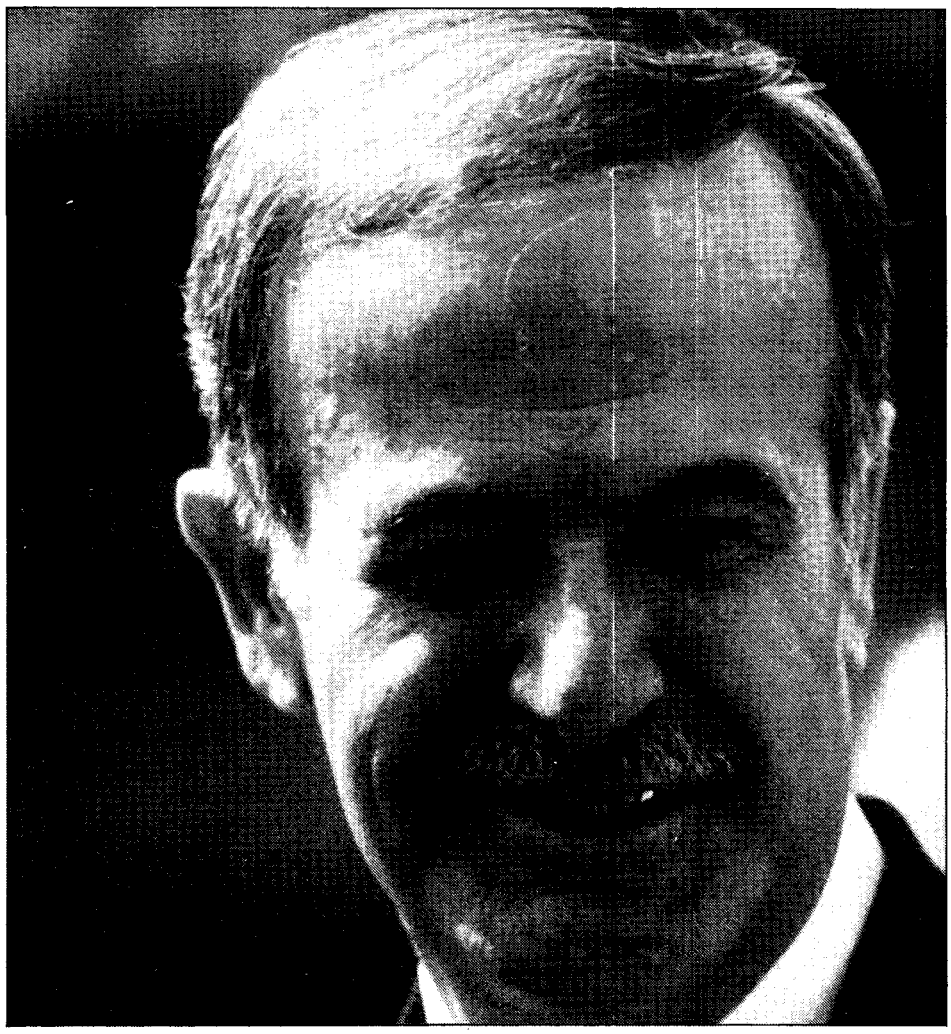
Washington

THE ARABS have a way of describing the predicament Israel and the United States of America face in Lebanon each day their troops, diplomats and headquarters present themselves as vulnerable targets for attack. He who brings the donkey to the top of the minaret, the traditional saying goes, must still get him down again.

Western press speculation that the Israelis and Americans have launched a new negotiating initiative in Lebanon has been carefully cultivated in Jerusalem and Washington to create the impression that the impossible is about to be accomplished — in time to save the Reagan Administration from an election embarrassment, and the new Peres government from exhausting its foreign reserves. In these high-stakes negotiations, it has been suggested, the Syrian President, Hafez Al-Asad, will be only too happy to play along so long as Israeli and American officials publicly court him and their presspeople speak respectfully of him in print.

Late in July, Richard Murphy, the Assistant Secretary of State for the Near East, discreetly stated the obvious for a Congressional committee. Syria, he said, had been 'one of the helpful players' in Lebanon. He was referring to two things — the fractious Lebanese government had been kept from disintegration and Amin Gemayel's presidency had been saved. What the US couldn't manage, the Syrians had done. Murphy's admission enraged the Congress and Democratic candidate Walter Mondale attacked the Administration for being soft on Syrian terrorism. For more than a month the Israeli embassy in Washington orchestrated a campaign of distortions to suggest that Murphy had persuaded the White House to 'tilt' towards Damascus.

In mid-September, however, the Israelis' line changed dramatically. They announced they too had discovered the obvious — to achieve withdrawal of Israeli forces in Lebanon, Syria would have to be helpful, and guarantee that their Lebanese allies — the Shiites, the Druse, and the left-wing Sunnis — would not attack across the Israeli border, or allow the Palestinians to move back into their Southern Lebanese bases. To encourage this helpfulness, the Israelis also declared they were now prepared to acknowledge the reality of Syria's sphere of influence in Lebanon, and even concede that Syrian forces might not be obliged to withdraw at the same time as the Israelis. They asked the US to play the intermediary with Asad — and Murphy was hurriedly on his way to Damascus, before the US press or opposition had time to respond.



Camera Press

Asad — is he really so happy to 'play along'?

WHAT HAD happened in Jerusalem was that the changeover of government on 13 September enabled the new cabinet to focus on Israel's dire financial condition and its desperate need to raise several billion dollars in fresh US aid. It also removed the domestic political liability the Shamir government had avoided — before the Israeli election — of admitting that Israel cannot afford the cost in shekels or blood of the continuing military occupation of Southern Lebanon. The Israeli problem was how to squeeze the new emergency cash out of Washington when Congress had already voted to provide aid of over $2.6 billion beginning on 1 October, and when the Reagan Administration was reluctant to offer more until after the US elections — and after the Israelis had adopted a US-drafted austerity plan.

The bombing of the US embassy building in East Beirut on 20 September provided Jerusalem with an unexpected opportunity to intensify the pressure on the White House, and accelerate Israel's financial bailout. As disclosure of the administration's internal debate over the security arrangements in Beirut has now made clear, the President's advisors were so anxious to avoid a repetition of the marine barracks bombing of last October, they decided on the abrupt withdrawal of the 90-man marine contingent that had remained to guard Embassy offices and personnel. The marines were withdrawn in July, and the evacuation of the civilian personnel from west to east Beirut was speeded up at the same time for the same reason. The White House wanted to minimize the number of American targets in muslim Beirut. The inadvertent result was that US diplomats presented an exceptionally vulnerable target on 20 September when they were hit. The domestic consequence was exactly what the White House had feared most — the President was potentially to blame.

In this context the Israeli move offered Mr Reagan an escape. By making the Administration appear to have Jerusalem's endorsement for a new Middle East initiative,

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the Israelis helped divert and neutralise the line of attack Reagan's democratic opponents were bound to take. They had been unable to attack the marine deployment in Lebanon early in the year because Israel supported it — now they would be hamstring for the same reason.

The Israelis had a price for this favour. To be precise, more that $3 billion — $1 billion in an emergency economic grant to be added to the 1985 fiscal year total, $2 billion in US backing for the Bank of Israel's reserves, and advance payment of the 1985 military grants so that Israel can earn interest on the money before it is obliged to pay for the year's military deliveries. The Israeli stratagem was a familiar one — the Americans were being drawn deep into a new negotiation so that it would be worth paying a high price to come out later with a 'diplomatic success'. The potential political consequences of the bombing was incentive enough for the Administration to agree.

The complication in this little arrangement is that Syria has not been cut into the deal and has little incentive for agreeing to Israel's terms. If US and Israeli officials believe their own press campaigns, they may imagine that President Asad is so physically and politically frail, and Syria's financial condition so weak, that Asad is as desperate for a troop withdrawal agreement as the Israelis. During the Israeli elections, the Israeli press tried to make it appear that Israel was secretly negotiating withdrawal terms with the Syrian President's brother, Rifaat Al-Asad. This was wishful thinking.

The Israeli and American media have also suggested that the factional struggle over the succession to the President has so weakened Hafez and his Alawite (Shiite) allies — at the same time as they have become increasingly isolated abroad — that they need to strike a bargain with Washington. This too is political fantasy.

SYRIAN OFFICIALS concede they would like to reduce their defence spending — in 1984 this amounts to a third of the total budget (about the same fraction as Israel's). Syrian military commitments plus subsidies for various Lebanese factions have been estimated to cost more than $250,000 a day. The Syrians deny, however, they have any intention of withdrawing from the Bekka Valley for at least another 12 months — whatever the Israelis agree to do. They also say they will not agree to any residual Israeli presence in southern Lebanon, especially if this is concealed within the Israeli-sponsored army of southern Lebanon, led by Antoine Lahad. Given their past experience, the Syrians are unlikely to put confidence for their own security in either an expanded United Nations force (UNIFIL) or a multi-national force containing US elements.

In negotiating with Damascus, the Reagan Administration has already imposed such sweeping economic sanctions — a total US aid cutoff and strict export controls — it has little with which to sweeten a deal. The threat of Israeli air attack means that Damascus must rely on Soviet-supported missile batteries based as far forward as possible, and the Israelis are unlikely to agree to give up their current freedom to use Lebanese airspace or Lebanese territory to monitor or threaten Syrian air and armour movements.

Beneath the surface in Washington, the signs are that the Israelis are preparing for a protracted negotiation in which they will collect their American payoff long before they agree on withdrawing their troops from Lebanon. The payoff will be discussed when Prime Minister Peres arrives in Washington next week. The State Department is already signalling the worry that it stands to get nothing in return for its side of the bargain.

In the meantime, to make certain the State Department cannot establish an effective negotiating relationship with the Syrians, the Israeli embassy and a friend in the US senate, Senator Howard Metzenbaum, have quietly intervened to block the nomination of the new US ambassador to Damascus, William Eagelton. This is almost unprecedented in Senate procedure. Like his predecessor Robert Paganelli (and Richard Murphy before that), Eagleton is suspected of 'pro-Arab' leanings; if the Senate fails to vote to confirm him before adjournment on 4 October, the US will lack a ranking official in Damascus for at least another five months. No US negotiator will be able to meet with President Asad without the Israelis knowing about it, and requiring the negotiator to check into Jerusalem immediately afterwards.

POLAND

WILL SCARGILL RETURN THE COMPLIMENT?

Solidarity has expressed support for the miners — despite Scargill's snub of the Polish movement

POLISH miners of underground Solidarity have written to Arthur Scargill, pledging their complete support for him and for the NUM in the present miners' dispute. The political significance of this action lies in the fact that Mr Scargill and the NUM national leadership have in the past shown themselves to be lukewarm, or even hostile, to the aims and aspirations of Solidarity, even to the point of indicating that in their view it did not represent the proper interests of Polish workers.

The letters have been signed by David Jastrzebski, in his capacity as chair of the provisional co-ordinating committee of clandestine Solidarity in Upper Silesia, Poland's main coal producing region. In an open letter to Britain's striking miners, he has conveyed the support of his members for the NUM's fight in defence of 'the right to work'. The letter continues: 'We are full of admiration for your attitude and for your continuing combativeness. We believe that you will achieve your aim. Neither the charges of the mounted police, nor the truncheons of the British government, any more than the doors forced down by the tanks or the firing upon disarmed miners by the junta of Polish generals, will be able to break our willingness to struggle for a better future for the working class.'

Another letter from David Jastrzebski, addressed directly to Arthur Scargill, repeats the moral support of the miners of Upper Silesia for the NUM, but links it to the hope that the NUM will reconsider its position on underground Solidarity. Jastrzebski says: 'For many weeks you have been representing with dignity the interests of your union. At the same time, I ask you to understand the difficult situation that we are in: having to act clandestinely in conditions of totalitarian threat means that there are many issues that we cannot resolve quickly, often for reasons of security.'

Other Polish documents, including Solidarity bulletins circulating in Warsaw, indicate that events in the British coal fields are being closely followed. An open message in one bulletin states: 'We understand that. . .your struggle. . .is in fact a struggle for the survival of the British trade union movement. We have already condemned, and we repeat with vigour our condemnation, the export of coal to Great Britain by the Jaruzelski regime. Given that Thatcher is on such good terms with Jaruzelski, we think that the time has come to draw certain lessons. We hope, therefore, that in the name of worker solidarity you will modify your negative attitude towards our movement.'

These letters and messages are a measure of the degree of bewilderment on the part of Polish miners at the lack of even moral support that Solidarity has in the past had from the NUM. Earlier this summer a statement from the co-ordinating committee was broadcast by Solidarity's underground radio station in Upper Silesia. It also expressed complete support for the NUM's fight and objected to the subsidised export of Polish coal.

History Workshop

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'IF YOU CUT OFF HEADS BY MISTAKE'

The pattern of illegal executions in China casts serious doubts on the newly signed agreement for Hong Kong, reports Jonathan Mirsky

AMNESTY International exploded a depth charge last week on the very day the Hong Kong agreement was being initialled in Peking. While Britain's negotiators and the Chinese were drinking spumanti and hugging each other, Amnesty was charging China with disregarding its own laws if they got in the way of smashing 'counter-revolutionaries' and other enemies of the State.

Amnesty's charges are a serious matter: the bedrock for the Foreign Office enthusiasm about the joint declaration is that its main clauses are to be enshrined in China's Basic Law, long before sovereignty is transferred in 1997.

China's immediate rejoinder — an extraordinary thing in itself, in a country which usually disdains to answer accusations that it neglects human rights — is that no political prisoners exist in the People's Republic, and that only 'counter-revolutionaries' occupy its prisons. 'Only those who undermine state security and take part in subversive activities are classified as counter-revolutionaries and only they are detained.' Nothing was said about Amnesty's passages on executions, which the organisation has appealed to China's leaders to halt.

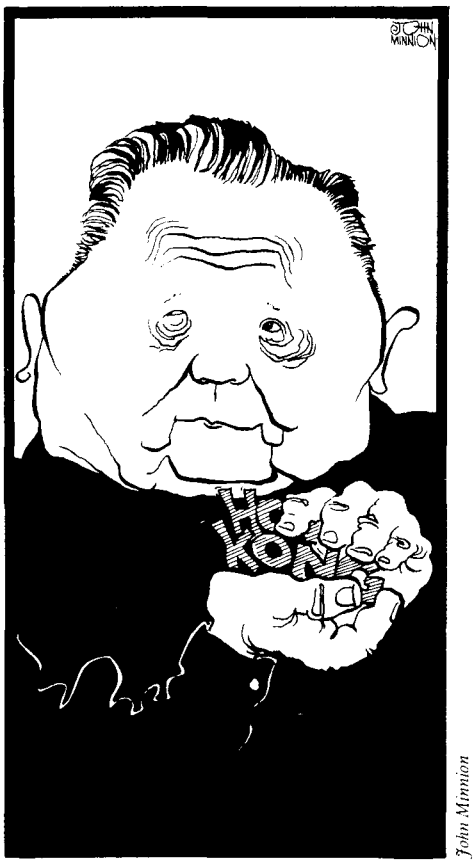
Mao observed in 1956, that 'if you cut off a head by mistake, there is no way to rectify that mistake'. But Mao wanted his executioners, who in China shoot their victims in the back of the neck, often in front of a large audience, to act cautiously only with wrongdoers in 'party and government organs, schools and army units'. In 'society at large' he explained, there was no need for such restraint; there, executions are 'an advantage'.

This easy Chinese way with punishment has long since been troubling Amnesty. In the last six years, it has pressed the Chinese repeatedly about the prolonged detention without trial of non-violent political and religious dissidents, a national lack of legal safeguards, and frequent public executions. But the Peking authorities have rarely replied, and then only in wholly negative terms.

UNTIL THE RESPONSE last week, the nearest Peking has come to recognising Amnesty's concern came soon after a letter in October, 1983, from Amnesty's president to Head of State Li Xiannian. It called for a halt to the wave of executions, begun in early August, which had already taken several thousand lives. The following week, the Chinese Foreign Ministry referred to the shooting as an internal affair and 'routine work'.

Now Amnesty has published its investigation of this routine work.* This document, like one published in 1978, deals with the question of a proper legal framework and of its implementation. The Chinese have had a copy of the report for many months and have ignored Amnesty's invitation to include an official response.

In 1978 China still had no criminal code. This, according to the then-Party Chairman, Hu Yaobang, had made it easier for the Gang of Four and their accomplices to harass over 100 million Chinese during the Cultural Revolution. By January 1980, both a criminal law and a Law of Criminal Procedure had come into force. Nonetheless, Amnesty shows, China continued to imprison for terms of 10 to 15 years 'counter-revolutionaries' such as Roman Catholic bishops, dissident writers, and Tibetan nationalists. There are now 44 varieties of capital crime: those recently executed include murderers, rapists, pimps, 'hoodlums', and art thieves.



John Minnion

Most are shot summarily, often with indictment or a public trial, especially when, it is said, guilt is clear. According to Amnesty, 'there is no recognition — either in law or in practice — of the right to be presumed innocent before being proved guilty in a court of law.'

As is its practice, Amnesty includes profiles of sample 'prisoners of conscience' who it has adopted.

Ignatius Gong Pinmei: the 84-year-old Bishop of Shanghai who has been behind bars for almost 30 years, accused of leading a 'counter-revolutionary clique under the cloak of religion'. The Bishop has continued to insist that his church should be independent of Party control.

Fu Yuehua: a 37-year-old woman construction worker. She has been detained since 1979 when she helped organise a peasant demonstration in Peking for human rights. Fu was charged with 'disrupting public order' and is reported to be doing hard labour in a remote area.

Wei Jingsheng: now in his early thirties, is China's most famous political prisoner. Wei received 15 years in 1979 for 'counter-revolutionary crimes', including an unsubstantiated charge of providing military secrets to a foreign newsman (they had already been given wide circulation in print) and publishing materials 'opposed to society and the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party'. His trial was not public, although bits of it were shown on television.

Liu Qing: 37, was the editor of a small dissident magazine, now defunct. Liu has been detained since 1979 for obtaining and unofficially publishing the entire transcript of Wei Jingsheng's trial.

Indeed, every significant dissident writer and editor from the short-lived Democracy Movement of 1978-79 is now in custody, uniformly without trial, unseen by their families and friends.

NONE OF THIS is new in China. The 1978 Amnesty report includes a 1957 letter by a professor to Mao Zedong, noting that 'our constitution provides that "freedom of the person is inviolable" . . . but we have applied to intellectuals methods of punishment which peasants would not apply to landlords and workers would not apply to capitalists . . . a great many of them have died because they could not endure the struggle.' The professor was arrested.

In 1957 the Party's General Secretary was Deng Xiaoping, who to this day maintains that, although over-zealous, the Anti-Rightist movement of that period was necessary. Twenty-one years later, Wei Jingsheng was to publish 'Democracy or a New Dictatorship' (included in the new Amnesty report) in which he demanded that 'the people should ensure that Deng Xiaoping does not degenerate into a dictator'. Unfortunately for Wei, 1979 was the year Deng declared that the tiny Democracy Movement was as dangerous to the State as Marshal Lin Biao, who had conspired to assassinate Mao, and the Gang of Four, whose years of rule had almost destroyed China. Wei is now about to be sentenced to 15 years.

The people of Hong Kong have just been assured that their way of life is to be guaranteed for 50 years after 1997 — by Chinese law. Yet on the same day the world's most respected human rights organisation alleged that China does not always respect its own laws. When China assumes jurisdiction over Hong Kong in 1997, will it also bend its own laws in punishing dissidents or criminals on the island? And if Britain complains, will Peking respond that what is happening is 'internal' and 'routine'? One high Foreign Office official said here last week that if China did that it 'would be driving a coach and horses through the Hong Kong agreement'. Judging by recent events, it would be idle to rule this out. □

* *China: Violations of Human Rights; Prisoners of Conscience and the Death Penalty in the People's Republic of China.*

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OLD ENEMIES, NEW ALLIES

Suzanne Cronje on moves to end Chad's civil war

IF WALTER MONDALE is in need of a foreign policy issue with which to embarrass the Reagan Administration, he could do worse than point at developments in North Africa and Chad which have apparently taken the State Department by surprise. The first was the announcement in August of a 'union' between Washington's loyal North African ally, King Hassan of Morocco, and its bête noire, Libya's Colonel Gadafy. Next, the agreement reached between Paris and Tripoli to withdraw their respective forces from Chad. The two issues are closely related and have now become a key part of Middle Eastern/African diplomacy.

The French paras were sent to Chad in August 1983 to prevent this former French colony from being overrun by the army of ex-president Goukouni Oueddei, with help from Libyan troops. Oueddei's rival, Hissene Habre, had overrun a part of the country and taken the capital, Ndjamena, in 1982, with American help from a base in Sudan. This civil war had long provided Reagan with ammunition against Gadafy. In 1983 the US may have hoped to use Chad to bring Gadafy down. They certainly manoeuvred a reluctant French government into sending the troops to Habre's assistance, by undermining the confidence of France's former African colonies that President Mitterrand would come to their assistance against Libyan 'expansionism'.

Mitterrand said at the time that Reagan had written to him repeatedly as well as sending his special envoy, General Vernon Walters, 'to communicate to us what they knew of Libyan movements. And we thanked them . . .' One of his generals, Georges Buis, let it be known that the Americans 'wanted us to send in 25,000 soldiers to force Gadafy to go back home . . . They would have liked France to play (in Chad) the role Israel plays in the Middle East, and at that point France said no'.

ONCE THE 3,000 paras were committed, they were locked in between the two warring factions — the Habre administration in Ndjamena and the GUNT army of Oueddei in the north. For a year the situation has remained static, with little fighting. Western sources claim that 5,000 Libyan troops or more are engaged in the north, threatening to take the economically viable and strategically important southern part of Chad. Oueddei claims that his army is doing the fighting, and that the Libyans have been giving them only technical advice and support. This position was reflected in the joint Franco-Libyan communique which announced withdrawal from Chad and referred to 'Libyan support elements' on the one side, and 'French troops' on the other.

There is no doubt that some Libyan troops were engaged in backing Oueddei, but the extent of this commitment remains elusive. It will probably become the subject of a heated international debate. But Oueddei commands a large number of men, and it is possible that these troops were defending the sparsely populated north with numerically small support from Libya. If this is the case, Gadafy does not have 5,000 or even 3,000 soldiers there to be seen to withdraw. And if these contingents are not visible returning from the desert in Chad, Gadafy will be accused of bad faith.

There is interest among Habre's followers in sabotaging the withdrawal plans, and they have accused the Libyans of not starting their retreat. The French however, were still confident this week that everything was going in accordance with the agreement which is due to be completed by mid-November.

To some extent the suspicions of Habre are justified: Libya has no intention of relinquishing the Aouzou Strip — some 110,000 sq km of border country. Tripoli's claim to the Aouzou Strip is not conceded even by Oueddei who relies on Gadafy's support, and it will require international arbitration. Meanwhile, Libya's 'support elements' will undoubtedly withdraw to the Strip, while the French paras will also stay in the vicinity, at the French bases in Cameroon and the Central African Republic.

Once the withdrawal has been formally completed, it would be surprising if Habre did not attempt a complete takeover of Chad. Any failure in such a campaign would be difficult to explain except by producing 'evidence' of

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continued Libyan involvement. Habre will probably appeal to Reagan for help, at least of the kind extended last year through a military airlift, before Paris decided to intervene.

WASHINGTON already shows signs of being in a cleft stick over this. It cannot come out against the possibility of a peaceful settlement. On the other hand, there was American dismay last week when the Habre government announced its recognition of the Saharan Democratic Republic, in effect the political wing of Polisario, the liberation movement which is fighting Morocco's claim to sovereignty over the mineral-rich Western Sahara, a Spanish colony until 1976.

This sudden change of direction by Habre, who had been closely identified with the camp opposing Polisario and supporting the Moroccan king, resulted from a sense of French betrayal, and because Libya was no longer backing Polisario. Habre also calculated that the move would please Algeria, which had expressed irritation at the 'union' agreement between its North African neighbours, and criticism of France for appearing to support it. In fact, the timing of the Franco-Libyan disengagement from Chad was determined by the assumption that the US would not intervene in Africa in the run-up to the November elections, and the easing of North African tensions as a result of the pact signed by King Hassan and Gadafy.

This 'union' also took Washington by surprise. A State Department spokesperson expressed 'serious disquiet' in case it allowed Gadafy to 'legitimize his position'. The US Administration again despatched Vernon Walters to sound out Morocco's motivation for associating itself with the dreaded Gadafy. Under a military pact signed with King Hassan in 1982, the US has been arming Morocco to allow it to defend itself against Libya and to defeat Polisario. The question now is what Morocco will do with the arsenal, and how secure America's military facilities will be in Morocco, which includes the largest radio transmitter outside the US, now being built.

The 'union' was on the cards since last year's meeting between Gadafy and Hassan, a wide-ranging economic agreement between the two countries. In Africa it was widely known that this was in exchange for an undertaking by Morocco not to intervene on the side of Habre in Chad. The 'union' agreement goes further in a clause in which both sides recognize each other's sovereign territories and existing borders: this is taken to mean that Morocco acknowledges Libya's claim to the Aouzou Strip while Tripoli accepts that the Western Sahara is part of Morocco.

Algerian displeasure with Libya's behaviour, as well as its criticism of the lack of guarantees for Chad's integrity in the Franco-Libyan pact, could make President Chadli Benjedid of Algeria an effective peace-maker in Chad, thus preventing the continuation of the 17-year old civil war. The Algerian government has received representatives from Habre as well as Oueddei in recent days and on 19 October Mitterrand goes to Algeria for talks on Chad. A compromise between the two sides is desperately needed to allow Chad to recover from the drought which is now afflicting even the comparatively fertile south. □

IRELAND

A WELL-TIMED ARMS TRAWL

But the IRA's role is still key, says Mary Holland

Dublin

LAST WEEKEND'S spectacular seizure of arms destined for the Provisional IRA from a fishing trawler off the coast of Kerry has been a source of understandable satisfaction to the Irish government. Domestically the timing could scarcely have been more fortunate. It happened at a time when Dr FitzGerald's government has been under intense internal pressure over the unveiling of a draconian national plan to deal with the country's chronic economic problems. The extensive and dramatic television coverage given to an effectively mounted security operation on the high seas was thus a helpful bonus.

Dublin also hopes that such an obvious blow to the Provisionals may focus British attention on the need for closer co-operation between Britain and Ireland on a new initiative in the North. The Irish government is now extremely keen to get the elements of such an initiative agreed in principle before Mrs Thatcher meets the Irish prime minister at the end of November and hopes that the evidence of a cargo-load of modern weapons may concentrate her mind on the dangers of what sources on both sides of the Irish Sea have been saying for some time now — that the IRA is likely to escalate its campaign of violence in the months ahead.

In a series of interviews given to the Irish media over the past weeks Sinn Fein leaders like Danny Morrison and Gerry Adams have made it plain that not only is there no question of the violence diminishing but that there is now considerable disillusion with the political process on which Sinn Fein embarked so enthusiastically in the wake of the hunger strike in 1981.

From the start of that process it was clear that there would be tensions in an effective campaign. It wasn't simply the old argument between militarists and politicos that succeeding generations of Republicans had embraced electoral politics, been seduced by them and ended up failing in the aim of driving the British from Ireland. There were real contradictions involved in trying to organise a political party which could command broad-based community support and running a campaign of violence which was bound to alienate such support when operations went wrong. For quite a long time Sinn Fein leaders tried to put on a brave public face, arguing that Catholics living in ghetto areas of Derry and Belfast were so severely alienated that they would tolerate almost anything the IRA saw fit to do. But in an interview in last month's *Magill* magazine Danny Morrison, the party's candidate in the recent EEC elections and one of its shrewdest tacticians, admitted publicly what many Provos have been saying privately: 'The public and our supporters don't just blindly accept everything the IRA does and at times they will probably register some form of disapproval, either by withdrawing support or by not voting for Sinn Fein'. He went on to emphasise that there was no question of the IRA 'lowering its campaign' in order to court popularity for Sinn Fein.

Some observers date a growing anxiety about the Provos' political direction from the EEC elections in which the Sinn Fein vote dropped from the peak of over 100,000 votes gained in the Westminster elections. But even before the EEC elections it was becoming clear that a body of opinion within the Provos was arguing for re-establishing the pre-eminence of the military campaign. It was beginning to seem as though Sinn Fein's dramatic success in winning considerable votes from the Catholic minority was now the major factor moving the political situation forward.

While the IRA was simply a military organisation with no electoral power base, politicians in both Britain and Ireland could claim that it contained mindless terrorists with no support in the Catholic community as a whole. The problem was a security one. But from the time Catholics went out in 1981 to vote the dying Bobby Sands into Parliament the Sinn Fein vote increased at successive elections, despite the party's public and unequivocal support for 'the armed struggle'. The success of Gerry Adams in the last general election seems to have concentrated the minds of British and Irish politicians on the urgent need to wean the Catholic community away from its growing support for politicians committed to violence. In the North itself Unionists suddenly began to see some attraction in dealing with the constitutional nationalists of the SDLP.

To many Provos it now seems that the main effect of their success in winning electoral support has been to create a new sense of urgency in Britain and the Irish Republic about the problems of the North. Sinn Fein can, with some justice, claim that just as the IRA brought down Stormont, they can claim credit for the setting up of the New Ireland Forum, the various Unionist party documents adopting a more conciliatory tone to the Catholic minority, and the closer relations between London and Dublin. All have resulted from a common agreement about the need to stave off the threat of Sinn Fein. They also argue the lower level of IRA activity has contributed to a more relaxed atmosphere in the North which has made both communities more willing to discuss new initiatives.

The most dramatic result of Sinn Fein's political successes may yet turn out to be the way they have helped their opponents. That was hardly the idea when Adams and his Young Turks in Belfast first advocated the use of the ballot box along with the more traditional weapons of the IRA. The Provos know that if Mrs Thatcher does decide to 'take on Ireland' in the form of some initiative with the Irish government, the result could be a package that might be extremely attractive to Northern Catholics.

Sinn Fein is now reported to be actively reconsidering its electoral policy for fighting the local elections in Northern Ireland next year. Whatever the outcome of those deliberations, the IRA's role will be crucial. The loss of seven tonnes of weapons last weekend will not change that. □

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LETTERS

All in a label?

Ian Williams, Orpington, Kent

'As a genuine extremist' (*NS* 28 September) Ken Livingstone would not have been able to canvass support from the City of London or have been able to speak at a fringe meeting at the Conservative Party conference, because the very definition of an extremist is someone who is incapable of seeing another's point of view and therefore treats any view, other than his own, with contempt.

Likewise, if the London, Liverpool and Sheffield Labour administrations were extremist they would not have been able to 'mobilise majority popular support' because to do so would require they listen and take in several strands of opinion and thought within that majority (blacks, gays, women, etc) — hardly the action of extremists. Extremists alienate the majority, they do not mobilise it; unless of course they appeal to the darker side of our nature like sexism or racism.

The local Labour Authorities mentioned, far from being extremists, are in fact open, democratic and tolerant. By extremist, does Raphael Samuel by any chance mean radical?

Living with BNFL

Ruth Balogh, Cockermouth, Cumbria

It's time Cllrs Johnston and Petrie (Letters 2 Sept.) learned that criticism of BNFL Sellafield is not necessarily the same thing as calling for the plant to be shut down, and began instead, to act upon some of the criticisms voiced by a community which they agree is dominated by BNFL.

It would, for instance, ease some anxiety among local people if Copeland Council could:
1) recommend, in the forthcoming review of the Sellafield Local Liaison Committee, that BNFL employees should only be eligible to represent BNFL on the Committee
2) take the opportunity to learn about radiation from experts covering the entire spectrum of opinion about its effects.

It's also time they realised that West Cumbria Peace Group numbers itself among local democratically-run organisations, and enjoys considerable grassroots support.

Art and Life

Gerry Turvey, London N2

I found it unsurprising that John Spurling (Letters 21 September) should have reacted so bitterly against the letters commenting on his review of *The Forgotten Fifties* exhibition for they implicitly but, to my mind, correctly called into question much of his reviewing practice.

The claim that it is possible only 'to write about the art' or the 'visual objects' is a claim to speak from a location that does not exist because paintings, contrary to idealist views on art, are always caught up in a wider 'politics of art' wherein contests over the meanings to be attached to them occur and where the definitions of powerful social interests are likely to prevail. The laying bare of this politics should, I feel, be a major responsibility for a committed art criticism.

Such a criticism would lead to consideration of the patronage and promotion roles of exhibitions, the funding of artistic work, the activity of art book publishers and the reviewing apparatus in creating reputations and the purchasing and exhibition policies of museums and galleries. In other words, a considerable broadening of the critic's focus of attention is called for as is a real commitment to a principled set of propositions from which to argue.

The Fifties exhibition with its disputed catalogue and its exchanges of letters has, I suspect, not only reanimated the debate about the social responsibility of artists and recalled arguments around notions of 'realism', but it has also provided the opportunity to revive investigation of the wider political responsibilities of the weekly arts reviewer — an investigation begun in the *Spectator* in the 1930s by Anthony Blunt, continued by John Berger in the *New Statesman* of the 1950s and taken up more recently by your own architecture critic, Jules Lubbock.

Such criticism should be less a reactive activity given over to reviewing the latest exhibitions and thereby becoming incorporated into their publicity machine, and more a broadly based investigatory critique of the contemporary 'fine art institution'.

A case for 'neutering'?

Debra Ziegler, Herts.

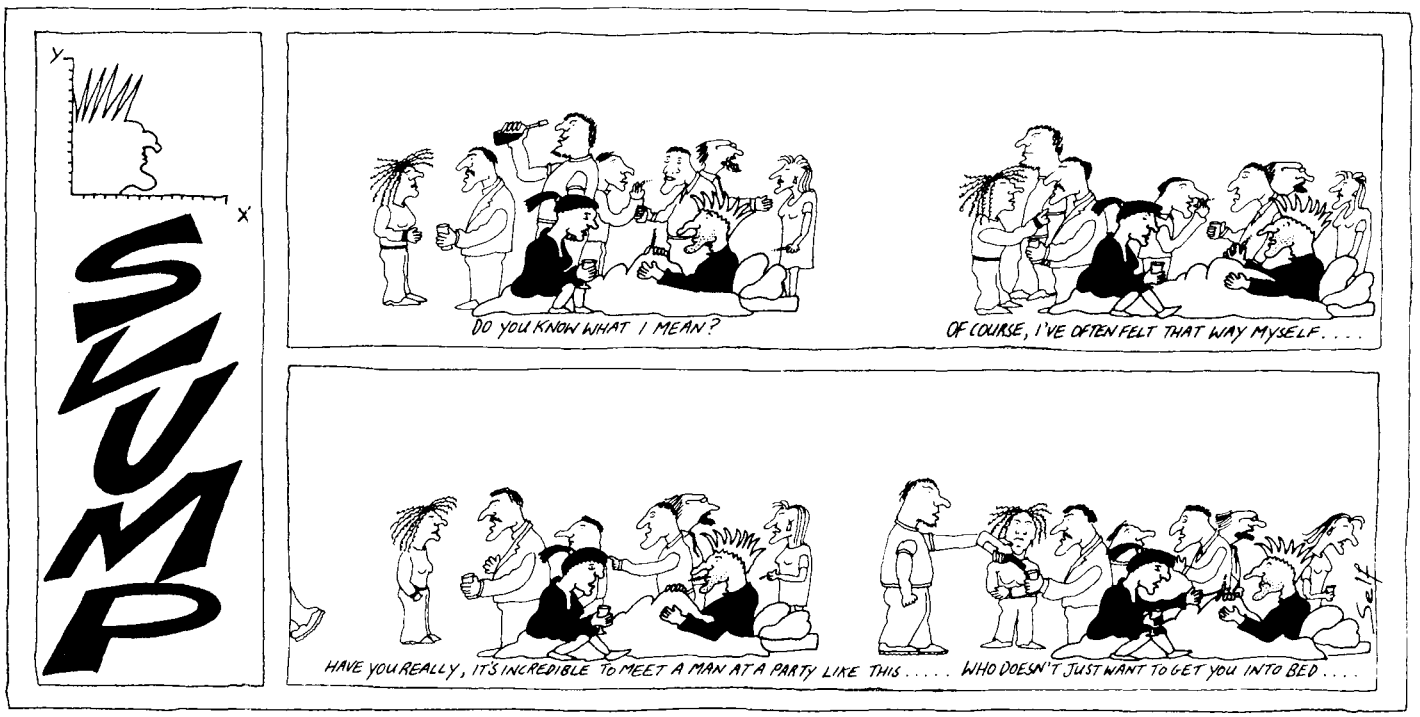
Re the Backchat article (*NS* 21 September) concerning the GP attitude toward women and hysterectomies as a necessary cure-all, I am a 30-year old woman with very painful menstrual periods. I am a diabetic and I definitely have no plans to reproduce. I would love to have a hysterectomy! I have been sterilised but still have to put up with painful menstruation. I thought I would find some sympathy among younger women GPs in my local area, but it seems that this is not so. In particular I have found that young women doctors see my request as an affront to themselves and womankind in general. By denying my reproductive powers they believe that I am neurotic and denying my femininity. I have even had a woman doctor, with all my notes in front of her, tell me that I should have a baby to cure my period problems. It was such a cliché that I walked out of the surgery truly stunned.

As long as women are judged on their reproductive powers and their sexuality, this bizarre double standard will persist. The medical profession will continue to 'neuter' women who are no longer reproductive, and then go to amazing lengths to ensure that women have a 'right' to reproduce whether they want it or not.

Miners' strike in South Wales

Phil Thomas, Welsh Campaign for Civil and Political Liberties, Cardiff

We should like to thank all those readers who responded so generously to our appeal for donations to finance the joint monitoring of the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miners' strike in South Wales, being undertaken by the NUM and the Welsh Campaign for Civil and Political Liberties (WCCPL). All sizes of donation were gratefully received.

Your readers will be interested to know that, thanks to their gifts, which went towards the financing of cassettes, tape recorders, petrol and numerous other necessities, we have been able to interview hundreds of people in the Welsh mining communities, send out questionnaires, search Parliamentary records of debates and questions asked, and research the legal, political and social issues involved. We now have sufficient information on which to base our report which will, we hope, be ready by mid to late October. Although, of course, not all the evidence received will be compiled in the report itself, all tapes and transcripts will be placed in the Miners' Library in Swansea, as a permanent record of the miners' strike and their experience of it.

We shall continue to welcome donations, as our printing, publishing and publicity costs are going to exceed current revenue. Please send cheques and postal orders, made payable to the Pit Families Research Appeal Fund, to 13 Dogo Street, Canton, Cardiff CF1 9JJ. As originally stated, any monies remaining after costs have been met will be paid into the miners' Strike Fund.

Religious fanaticism

Dr Israel Shahak, Jerusalem

I have been very pleased to see, on my visit here, the article by Elfi Pallis (*NS* 28 September) on the religious fanaticism which increases among about half the Israeli Jews while the opposite tendencies manifest themselves in the other half.

My only criticism is that she did not go deep enough, both in her description and her condemnation of Jewish fanaticism. Its power derives not only from the religious parties, but also from the refusal of many others — in Britain too — to criticise the Jewish past and religion. For example, if the modern compendium of Jewish Orthodox law, *Kitzur Shulkhan Arukh*, states that a Jewish male 'should not walk between two women, two dogs or two pigs' and such a barbarous statement is not dragged into the light and condemned, then one can only expect that the situation of women where Judaism rules will worsen.

FEEDBACK

Doing justice to Benn

RAPHAEL SAMUEL's article 'Benn past and Benn present' (*NS* 28 Sept) was less than fair and must be contested. It is claimed that Benn is tragic, aloof and out of joint with the times and that the main inspiration of 'Bennism' was factional animus. It is true that Raphael qualifies his deprecation in his last sentence by conceding that Benn attracted new forces to the Labour Party which now renders Bennism redundant. But en route to this conclusion we are given a dismissive but questionable assessment of the forces that are helping to remake Labour and the Left. Raphael detects condescension in Benn's tributes to the constituency activists: but should we not ourselves beware of condescension to a man who had had to brave an extraordinary wave of press calumny and conformist panic? It would have been good to read in this article some reference to the human qualities which Benn displayed on the testing road from Brighton in 1981 to Chesterfield in 1984.

Raphael writes: 'It is Mr Benn's tragedy that he espoused the cause of socialism at the very moment when. . .it was ceasing to be a working-class faith. The refusal to acknowledge this novel phenomenon is surely the source of strain in his rhetoric. . .'. It is true that socialism today is less of a 'working-class faith' than it was in, say, 1945. But there may still be a net gain here since socialist *reason* and working-class combativeness are in vital respects actually stronger than in 1945. Labour's postwar government was, in truth, dismally ill-equipped and under-motivated for any proper settling of accounts with a still deeply entrenched ruling class. And working-class faith in socialism was too often compromised by deference to administrative expertise, national insularity, ethnic conceit, male privilege and respect for every venerable British institution. The high-tide of working-class faith in socialism came and went leaving the City, the most profitable companies, the large landowners, the House of Lords, the monarchy, the public schools and the antique structure of the UK state all firmly in place. Benn and Bennism, by contrast, aroused such alarm since they challenged those institutions and enjoyed some rapport with a new 'de-subordinated' working-class constituency.

The Bennite upsurge co-incided with, and encouraged, a resurgence of socialist analysis and programmatic debate. I can remember the electric atmosphere of Eric Hobsbawm's encounter with Tony Benn in Birkbeck College in July 1980: here was a leading Labour politician questioning the traditional crippling inhibitions and purblind pragmatism of Labourist politics. Bennism seemed to develop in some communication with the new current of Marxist research and discussion. With all due respect to the Fabians and Anthony Wright (*NS* 7 Sept.) today's socialist and Marxist writings on British society, on political economy, on health care and housing, on the family and welfare policy, on the media and policing, on race and gender, are more vigorous and far-reaching than their counterparts in the age of Fabian hegemony and working-class socialist faith. Labour's new discussion journal, *New Socialist*, gained impetus from Bennism and reflected an awareness of the need for the debate on strategy to be accessible to the Party's active membership and not reserved to a Fabian coterie. The response of Raymond Williams or Göran Therborn to the very real issues identified by Hobsbawn — now collected with other contributions in James Curran's *The Future of the Left** — represents a real advance for political debate sponsored by the Labour Party.

Raphael rightly salutes the popular success of Labour administrations in London, Liverpool and Sheffield but wrongly implies that these different developments are somehow at variance with the Bennite impulse, which is credited chiefly with introspective intrigue and factionalism. Livingstone's justly critical remarks on these latter phenomena are noted but not his account of the means whereby the GLC Labour Group was forged into an effective force for socialist politics in the first place. The Bennite campaign for accountability and the re-fashioning of the GLC Labour group were surely animated by a common impulse? But Raphael writes: 'The Labour administrations in London, Liverpool and Sheffield, all of them very left-wing but none of them composed of Exclusive Brethren, are each developing quite distinct styles of politics and cultivating different constituencies of support. What they have in common. . .is a near miraculous ability to mobilise majority support.' Is Raphael here denying that supporters of *Briefing* and *Militant* helped to establish and sustain these administrations — or is he denying their 'Bennite' credentials?

Benn and Livingstone have different styles and qualities but this is no reason to play them off against each other. Ken Livingstone has imaginatively reached outside Labour's ranks for support in London; but then Tony Benn's role in the peace movement has shown him to be effective in a non-party context. Raphael rightly commends the GLC's ability to win popular majorities but this can not always be the immediate hope of a consequent socialist politics. The GLC has vast resources and is responsible for valued services; the attempt to abolish it has violated democratic sentiment. The causes with which Tony Benn has been associated — from opposition to the Falklands War to support for the miners' strike — are evidently less liable to win immediate majority support but have been nonetheless essential.

The resistance of the threatened municipalities, exemplary though it has been, cannot provide a fully fledged model either for other struggles against the government or for the future actions of a Left government. The GLC can win the battle for popular support in London but still find no way, because of its limited powers, of impeding the Thatcherite onslaught or the workings of the City. The miners' strike poses a more fundamental threat to the government and to capitalism — it is to the credit of Benn that he has lent it such vigorous support. And as Benn pointed out this week the strike too has been able to involve women in a new way and to attract black support.

Raphael chides the Bennites for having made a fetish of the Labour Party's constitution and Conference decisions. Labour's constitutional arrangements are indeed an obstacle to its development as a mass socialist party. But this problem cannot be tackled in abstraction from a reform of the Party's relationship to the trade unions, removing the absurdities of the block vote system. The devious manoeuvre which collapsed this week did not touch this problem and offered only the most intermittent and formalistic participation to the membership. In fact it has been a leader of the Left, Eric Heffer, who has spoken up for a comprehensive democratic reform, (see his article 'Agenda for Labour' in *New Left Review* 140).

No doubt there are more urgent issues confronting us than to do historical justice to Benn or Bennism. But Raphael Samuel has himself long taught us the importance of history and of popular traditions. The vital point is that Bennism has helped to open up the Labour Party to a renewal it desperately needs. And since the renewal remains quite incomplete, as Raphael has argued in his fine *Guardian* article on Labour and the black communities, reaching a just estimate of Bennism is not just a historical question.

Robin Blackburn

Robin Blackburn is the editor of New Left Review.

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Christine Roche

Isle of sky

by

Rebecca Brown

'HELLO' IS EASY. It's the same most places. And, if not, a smile or nod will do. But then again, in some countries, a smile means sadness; and greeting is expressed with an open mouth shaped like the letter 'O'.

I come to your house and drop my two small bags.

'Hello,' I say.

'Hello.'

I wonder what the custom is, have I forgotten. You feed me tea and show me through your house. In both our countries, people sit on chairs. They walk on carpet or wood or cement or tile. They cover their walls with paper or with paint. They put vases and mementos on the mantels. Your house is new, a different one than I saw on my last visit.

'In my country,' you say, 'people live in homes.'

'That's like my country too.'

So far so good.

You feed me tea. We talk about the miles and years between us. I pull out my Berlitz and smile, embarrassed when I have to look up your words. But you're patient with me and that's a good sign. I try to take my time and not to rush. Sometimes I look up a word you don't say, but just a word I'm thinking. I want to know how you'd think this feeling if you were thinking it yourself. Such as Desire, Longing, Want, Desire. I don't ask you.

The first time she left, I knew that she would not return. I was desolate. I did not want to remember her. I did not tell her. I forgot her. Which was possible because we'd never spoken. I had only my imagination to forget. She sent me postcards. She'd always travelled light. She returned suddenly and light. Carrying a Berlitz book and a passport. I was happy for the former. We sat down with it at once.

We try to talk and think we do, but we are each afraid. We know when we say blue that we mean blue. But maybe when you say blue, you mean sky. And maybe I mean water. Maybe we don't know to ask more than that. Maybe we don't know there's sky and chicory and Puget Sound. Your eyes and navy uniforms. Maybe we don't know there's sapphire and moonstone and shower-wet slate and that one shade from rain on oil. Maybe we don't know there's jay and powder, maybe we don't know skies. There are different coloured skies in Texas; Windermere; above the Isle of Skye. We have to know more to ask more. My country's colours are these: tall green dark timber from Oregon; shiny black hard coal, Ohio; bright red crisp apples, Oregon; thick black fat oil from Texas; red dirt from Oklahoma; bright blue lakes from Seattle. New Mexico is dusty brown; Arizona, blister white. I don't know yours.

We share an interest in foreign tongues,

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the languages you need when you're away. But you have never been abroad; I've always left my home. Maybe our interests are complements, exactly polar opposites. We try hard to find out. We try to teach each other language.

I asked her where she'd been and she was going. I knew that she was going. I pulled out the atlas from the bookshelf in my study. We sat on the carpet. She crouched down, kneeled on one leg, pulled the other leg up. She leaned over the two-page map and looked. She spaced both her palms out flat in the air and made a circle above the book.

'It's a big place,' she said. She looked at me and smiled. Then she pointed. 'I go here and then I go here.' I watched her hand trace down the page. The distance looked so easy. 'I've got friends here, then I'll go back here.' Her finger moved to its left. 'Then, in a couple of days, I'll go back here. After that, here.' I watched the shadow of her hand on the page, darkening the places. She tried to tell me about the smells of pine and salt and outdoor nights. Her fingers traced the routes that she had travelled. She said this map showed firm high mountains, deep cold lakes. But all I saw was a coloured page. She told me thick black knots were cities. I asked her to pronounce the names of cities where I've never been. She told me New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans. She said Seattle, Cincinnati, Portland. She said Dallas and Chicago. They sounded exotic. The next page of the atlas showed a country they said was a tenth the size of hers. The pictures were the same. This was my first lesson in the sorrow of our distance. I don't know if she knew.

We go for a walk so you can show me your country. We climb to the top of your favourite hill which you tell me has a view of your valley. They're long, low hills, yellow-brown and rubbed. They look tired and content. But it's foggy and we can't see anything beyond. You describe things that I must believe are there. I'd know more of a different thing if you'd just shown me a map. You say, 'When it's clear that's the Gloucester valley. There you can see to Malvern. There's a big outcrop of Cotswold stone and a cliff where people climb.' We walk to the other side. 'Here you can see the Birdlip hill. Over there would be the Severn. There's a steeple there that's tall and white and slim.' I can't see anything. You pull me to you facing straight. Behind you fog is rolling. Your hair and lips are dark against the pale greying sky. Your voice is slow, deliberate, printing deep inside me. 'There's a rundown mill and a tiny stream and sheep are grazing below us. There's soft wet brilliant hammock grass and sheep with thick brown wool. Smoke curls from the chimney at the pub. There's yellow stone homes, dogs and cars. There's wet thick tufts of green. There's soil and sky and cities.' Your firm cold hands are on my shoulders. Your hair and lips are dark against the fog. 'You just have to believe me,' you insist. *'This is landscape.'*

When I feel your palms against my back, I do. There's something like faith and something like light inside me. If you told me we were anywhere, we would be. I hope my words for 'landscape', 'fog' and 'sky' are the same words in your language. I believe you.

WE'RE SITTING in your kitchen trading stories. In particular, your life story and my life story, the things that happened since my last visit to you. You ask me about my first lover and then my first love. I'm dying to confess. In broken phrases, I explain, and hope you'll see my floundering as the struggle of a foreigner with language. I hesitate with my Berlitz, trying to avoid your eyes.

The difficulty, I decide, is just in language, the time it takes me to find things in Berlitz. I know, I *know* that in your country, as in mine, our needs come from our bodies. In your country, as in mine, surely your countrymen all need the same, to eat and sleep and love.

In this pause I look at you. Here's what I'll remember: your dark hair framing your brightened face, every shallow wrinkle near your mouth and eyes. Your cheek. I want a map of these soft creases. They look like tiny deltas. Your eyes are hard and soft like warm ice lakes, the ones you've said are three hours north of your home. Then there is one moment when your lips part slightly.

When you raise your hand to me, I hesitate. In my country, this means 'I want you'. Should I search through my tourbook, *The Ways and Customs of Your Country,* to find out what this means? But if I do I'll wreck the moment. Impulsively, I lunge. You pull me to you and when my mouth reaches yours, I think that I believe I understand you.

We give each other lessons, repeat phrases back and forth.

'Blue is the sky above someplace.'
'Blue is the sky above someplace.'
'Desire is what you feel.'
'Desire is what you feel.'
'This kiss means this.'
'This kiss means this.'

But no matter where we start, it's not back far enough. We can't explain 'what you feel' or 'this' or where is 'someplace'. We need to learn the first words first.

We try to get the basics. You explain mouth and thigh and knees to me. I define navel, breast and tongue. You give me the etymology of elbow and shoulder and back. I expound on fingers and flesh. I trace back the sound of lip. Every tongue is a foreign tongue. Your foreign tongue is mine.

We take each other to new countries neither of us has been to before. We are exhilarated, awed and lost. There are no maps.

I travel the cities from your knees to your thighs. My hands find avenues and lanes. This is a country road, a freeway, a round smooth cobbled street. Your skin has deltas, soft like silt. I find I'm not a foreigner when my tongue finds the warmth between your thighs.

She refuses to be photographed, convinced she's not a tourist. She talks about rates of exchange, conversion factors, post. One of the little expenses too many travellers don't take into account, she says wisely, is what is charged for the conversion. It's a hidden cost, she warns me. I don't listen.

One of our hands is on one of our thighs.
One of our tongues is on one of our breasts.
One of our hands is on one of our backs.
One of our feet runs up one of our calves.
One of our tongues is on one of our necks.
One of our mouths is on one of our ears.
One of our hands is on one of our thighs.
One of us breathes and one of us breathes.

Both of us learn this means 'yes'.

Your back is strong and square and white. Your hands are smooth and tough. Your tongue is like an underwater plant. My hands begin to glow with sweet thick oil. Your eyes change colour. Your hands are smooth and tough.

We learn the meaning of the lack of sleep.

We make up words that we can't write or say, delicious, private, warm as thighs.

She's always travelled light and is proud of her travelling knowledge. She explains carefully how to pack her passport and her currency so pickpockets won't get at it. She keeps her passport by the bed, within reach of our lovemaking. Sometimes, when she thinks I'm asleep, I hear her reach for it, run her fingertips on its old leather cover and sigh something I can't quite make out, I think another language.

We whisper syllables and touch. Our tongues touch and part, make words on fingertips, phrases from the tips of shoulders to chins, whole sentences and paragraphs on breasts. Pages on thighs. I think this time we forget what we know; that language is the only thing that lies.

That night we each wake from the same nightmare. Our stomachs are soaked in sweat. Neither can remember the dream. When I wake up I lunge for the lamp and put us in the light. She grabs for her passport. The room looks bright and bare as a bulb.

'Are you all right?'

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'Are you?'

I lean into her, my arms around her. We feel the sweat on one another's stomachs. She clutches her passport with one hand.

'Hold me,' I whisper. She tries.

'I'm going to be ready,' she says. I'm afraid she is. I don't know where her pulse is racing.

Because in the dark when she's next to me, she whispers about transit. She says, 'It's like being in between. You could go anywhere.' I stroke her back and run my fingers down the soft bumps of her spine.

I say, 'But you aren't anywhere, are you? You're always in between.'

She says, 'I like it right before you're there, when anything could happen.' I don't ask if she's lost.

She speaks sentences from phrase books. In eleven languages she can ask is the water pure, where she can find a meal, a room, and when the next train leaves.

I know these phrases in only my own tongue, but many dialects, all rich.

YOU TELL ME, 'You are flexible, you're free. You wander many countries. You chat with all the natives. You know how to move in and out of customs like a snake.'

I protest, I say, 'You just don't know. This is the country I return to.' I say, 'You are the country I return to.' Insistent, I say, 'My home is not my home. You don't understand my freedom. All I have is papers.' I tell you I'm terrified of waking up in no man's land, my papers stolen, no one left to claim me or understand my speech. My nightmare is that I'll be trapped without a phrasebook or a tourguide, without a map to your land or to mine.

You say, 'But that is freedom.'

I say, 'But that is fear.'

The only way I can look is forward or back.

I keep coming back to you. Every time I leave, you say you know I won't return: I do. I come and come again to you. Each time I bring you more folk songs and tales from abroad. I think that's what you want from me. When will you believe I want to come back? When will you believe that I would stay?

You tell me 'stay' means something different in your land. It's not a simple cut and dry translation.

Sadly, wisely, we avoid all talk of idioms. We do not mention syntax or semantics. Because we know, though we try desperately to deceive ourselves, that it *is* a matter of semantics. The language that we know means something real. We pretend we only know what to say. Language is the only thing that lies.

I'm afraid I think that what you want are my amusing stories from abroad. The next time I come back, I'll bring a slide projector, a carousel, some books, a pile of pamphlets, a stack of postcards for the 'fridge. I'll bring you a goat from south America, a camel from the desert. I'll bring you a rickshaw and a pocket of pearls and a shell from Bora Bora. I want to present these things to you, to lay them on the mantelpiece. I want you to keep them. I'll become a curiosity, exaggerate my mannerisms. When will you believe these words and maps, these anecdotes are what I give, the way I'm trying to ask you, let me stay?

Your lips are mouthing words that I can't understand. I try to focus but I can't see. Are you trying to say you love me or goodbye?

This is not what sustains her, here. To keep her I must send her out. She is not happy still. There are ways she is that here would be a fool. We know the ways that we could not survive. Loving difference causes pain. We love what is different to possess it, to be whole. We want to be everything. The problem is, we can't. The problem is, the differences are different. Water and flame, brilliance and night, longing and the fulfilment of desire. What keeps us moving is what keeps us sad, what keeps us moving is the want to be unforeign, whole.

Some words we try to translate just don't work. We can't agree. What you see as my freedom, I call fear. What I name strength in you, you label fear. I have to remind you of the beautiful cadences in your speech, the way your phrases fall like tides and rain and fog. You tell me mine's like lightning and like fog. Neither of us believes the other.

Will I get homesick or the travel itch? Will you get tired of being patient with my lack of fluency in your language? Your lessons with me cut into your life. You'll wonder is the payoff worth the effort.

You insist that I'd get bored; you're right. You tell me you'd get irritated; you're right. The fact is, we are different. Our union is a sharp specific point, the few words that we've translated, the tiny border crossed.

I want to make true promises. I want to say when I'll be back. You hand me my passport, give me my worn Berlitz and take me to the station.

In the train station, we stand apart, our bodies puzzled by distance. When I reach to hold you goodbye all our words rush up and out of me. I've forgotten how to speak. I touch your lips. I know this is a custom, is it yours or mine? Do you know what it means? Through the greasy yellow window on the train, I see you. You're leaning against a post and you are smiling. Your lips are mouthing words that I can't understand. I try to focus but I can't see. Are you trying to say you love me or goodbye? I start to raise my hand to you, then the train jolts. Did you see what I meant to do? Do you know this means I love you? Do you know this means I love you?

I TAKE A TRAIN and then another train and a bus and then a plane. I catch another bus, a cab, a train. I try to backtrack, circle back. I'm trying to throw something off my trail. Because I want a miracle. I want you to find me. I keep looking back, in rearview mirrors, over my shoulder, through fog.

At borders they check my passport, crumpled, stamped with my history. The nation of my origin is blurred, buried under coloured marks of countries I've forgotten. And of yours.

At customs I declare these goods: three nights of love, a champagne cork, a picture in a garden. Two walks, a four-day conversation, memories of hands. The scent of our flesh on my clothes, a memory of red. Some syllables that I can't spell, the tension in your thighs. The feel of hands, a sound of breath, the texture of your skin above your eyes. The magic feel of twice blessed flesh. The cold grey light of morning on your spine.

In this newly foreign country I've called home, my countrymen look different. I've forgotten how to say hello. I wake up at the wrong time, suffering jetlag.

I dream sadly and with longing of our transport. I long for you, I long for when we shall pass free through one another's homes. But this is a dream from which I awake.

I awake as if I were with you. I leave this narrow bed and walk streets I remember only dimly. I try to read the roadsigns and recall my native language, my own tongue.

In your land, it is morning. You're making tea and going out to work. I wander the darkened foggy streets alone, pretending in the dark half light I'll see you. The sky here now is foggy orange, the false light of the streetlamps.

I'm lost in a city whose name you can't pronounce; I think it is my own. Your country's maps spell this name differently. Will you recognise the postmark? Will you recognise my hand? Who'll translate the maps for us? Do you know this means I love you? Do you know this means I love you? □

A collection of Rebecca Brown's stories, The Evolution of Darkness, *was published by Brilliance earlier this year.*

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TREVOR NUNN Presents
THE ZOMBIE PRINCE, DRIVEN MAD BY HALLUCINATIONS, OEDIPAL PASSION, NECROPHILIA AND LUST FOR REVENGE, WHO HACKS HIS WAY VIA THE BRUTAL MURDER OF AN OLD AGE PENSIONER TOWARDS A BLOODSTAINED HOLOCAUST
HAMLET
WELL, I BEEN PSYCHOLOGICALLY SUBVERTED BY THE *--* ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY EN'I?
"Rank and Unseemly"
JAMES FENTON (Groaning)
I was moved
TIME OUT
WILLER

Richard Willson

Presumption of innocence

David Edgar

The Video-Nasties: Freedom and Censorship in the Media
ed. MARTIN BARKER *Pluto Press* £3.50

IN MARCH this year, the *Guardian* ran a series of articles about 'video-nasties', one of which concluded not only that 'a generation brought up on a diet of violence is likely to produce more violent people', but also that 'the burden of proof to show that this is not the case should rest with those who advocate free access to the most obscenely violent films'. This argument — which, shorn of rhetoric, clearly shifts the presumption of innocence from the censored to the censors — was put forward by Polly Toynbee, founder member of the Social Democratic Party, and thus, one assumes, among those who left the Labour Party in protest against its appropriation by the intolerant, the bigoted and the censorious.

The political construct which now allows the pluralist Ms Toynbee to excoriate 'the extreme libertarian, anti-censorship lobby' is of course that form of feminism which has already aided and sustained the law and order lobby by proselytising retributive punishment for the crime of rape, and which has more recently moved into the social-authoritarian camp on questions of sexual expression. (In the *City Limits* of 17 February this year, a correspondent described as 'exploitative pornography of the worst kind' that which 'masquerades as literature': think not, if *Playboy* and *Penthouse* fall victim to the New Puritans, that Cleland, Selby or Lawrence will long survive.) In his introduction to *The Video Nasties*, editor Martin Barker apologises that there is no essay 'which looked at the whole issue from a feminist angle'. If he regrets the absence of a piece promoting censorship, then I think he's wrong: as he himself points out, the most worrying aspect of the video campaign has been the very fact 'that hardly anyone is worried'.

As in his excellent exposé of the 1950s Horror Comics campaign, *A Haunt of Fears*, Barker's project as editor and contributor has been not so much to oppose censorship abstractly, as to inspect — and then to defend — the artefacts themselves. That there could indeed be a reputable feminist case against banning the nasties is demonstrated most dramatically in the case of the notorious *I Spit on Your Grave*. The plot of this movie concerns 'a beautiful lady novelist' who 'takes a remote country house to work on her new book'. A group of 'local roughnecks' decide that she is 'uppity' and should be 'taught her place'. There is then a gang rape of the woman, 'long and lovingly filmed'.

The second part of the story concerns the novelist's 'bloody revenge on each of the gang', culminating in 'her seduction and then castration of one of them in the bath'. What I've just paraphrased, and partially quoted, is not Martin Barker's but Polly Toynbee's description of the plot of the film (although it conforms to Barker's in almost all respects). But Toynbee's conclusions as to the message she expects to be drawn from the story do not accord with Barker's at all. Barker believes that the message of the film is anti-rape, and that if we do not fully identify with the novelist's revenge, then we nonetheless sympathise with and understand it. For Toynbee, however, 'vengeance is the abiding image, an open incitement to see women as wild and dangerous. Gang rape is what they deserve, the film implies, like so many of its ilk.'

This seemingly eccentric reading of *I Spit on Your Grave* is particularly revealing because of the obvious place of its plot within a recognisable dramatic form. In a later *Guardian* piece, Richard Hoggart poured some scorn on what he called the 'what are you going to do about *Titus Andronicus* ploy', and he has a point if the classics are cited merely to validate the use of certain images (if Shakespeare does it it must be all right). But the point of the Titus analogy in particular is that it illustrates what actually happens in revenge dramas, which may not be wholehearted identification with the revenger (Titus has brought much upon himself), but equally is not — as Polly Toynbee wants us to believe — a transfer of identification and sympathy *back to the parties against whom revenge is taken*. Similarly, there is a very well-known revenge play in which the central character, far from wildly and dangerously visiting vengeance on the murderer of his father, acts with commendable, even saintly restraint under the most distressing circumstances. But do we admire Hamlet's scruple about doing the undecent thing to Claudius as he kneels at prayer? I think not.

There is a further point which becomes luculent when contemporary horror stories are seen in the context of the tradition from which they flow. We sympathise (I believe) with Titus's revenge, and wish that Hamlet would pursue his business with more dispatch, *even though* we would in our own daily lives disapprove of taking the law into our own hands. In other words, we have understood what most kids pick up at their second pantomime, which is that dramatic art, far from being the same as life, has tended through the ages to confront its protagonists with paradigmatically extreme circumstances, on the grounds that it is not degrading or 'desensitising' but enriching and sometimes ennobling to witness extremes of experience which we could not bear in reality, and that *that is indeed the point of the exercise*.

Which is why, in my view, the most dangerous statement quoted in the book is that in which a *Daily Mail* leader writer implied that the showing of the nasties somehow made a mockery of Britain's struggle 'to defeat a creed so perverted that it spawned such horrors in awful truth' in the last war. The assumption that the simulation of an act is on a continuum with its commission — or at the very least implies a *condonation* of its commission — lies behind another chilling quotation in the book (this time from the ubiquitous David Holbrook). It was also the basis of the messy and dangerous judge's ruling in the *Romans in Britain* case, in which the representation of buggery in public was held to be no different from the act itself. And it surely lurks behind Polly Toynbee's 'generation brought up on a diet of violence' and therefore producing 'more violent people'. The analogy between the ingestation of food and the witness of fiction must surely expose both the fallacy of the argument and the threat of a peculiarly painful form of enforced cultural anorexia were it to become generally accepted.

Although I think the most important, the argument about the nature of fiction is but one of many employed by Barker and his

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contributors (it should be said, occasionally repetitively; as Barker admits, the book was put together in a hurry and it sometimes shows). There is a further spirited defence of *I Spit on Your Grave* from Marco Starr; an equally robust advocation of 'the inalienable right of artists . . . to create nightmares as well as dreams' from Nigel Andrews of the *Financial Times*; and a salutory canter through previous but equivalent moral panics, involving such figures as Eliot, Leavis, Orwell and indeed Sidney Webb, complaining (in 1909) that children were given too much pocket money. There are also two essays on the anti-nasty campaign in general, and the now infamous 'Parliamentary Group Video Enquiry' in particular. Graham Murdock does much to expose the dubiousness of the conclusions drawn by the self-selected Enquirers (whose connection with Parliament was merely that they presented their report to it). But it is left to Brian Brown, head of the research unit whose data were so dramatically misused, fully to expose the extraordinary way in which his work was manipulated and mangled to produce the 'desired' conclusions (the most famous of which was that 45.5 per cent of children between seven and 16 had seen at least one of 34 listed 'nasties'; dubious in all kinds of ways, this shock revelation was particularly undermined by two Aston University researchers who undertook a similar test with eleven-year-olds, with the difference that a handful of non-existent nasties were shuffled into the list. Sixty eight per cent of the Aston sample indicated that they had seen at least one of the fictitious films).

Finally, in his own two articles, Martin Barker brings the same rigorous, lucid and often witty intelligence to bear on the video campaign that he brought to horror comics in his earlier book. His argument is that the anti-nasty campaign reached such particular virulence because it was a law 'n' order related matter that could deflect attention from the government's failure to diminish rising crime figures. Like the horror comics, the nasties represent a peculiar threat to idealised notions of childhood that are central to contemporary Toryism's equally idealised idea of 'the family'. And, further, having re-established principles of 'protective' censorship, the Video Act may now allow the government to employ its new powers in a much wider field: videos showing 'mutilation, torture or other acts of gross violence' (and indeed those representing 'human sexual activity') must be subjected to classification and thus potentially to censorship: who is to say that a film like *Threads* (what is more grossly violent than nuclear war?) could not fall under the censor's axe along with *I Spit on Your Grave*?

In his introduction, Martin Barker makes clear that not all his contributors 'would agree in opposing all censorship', and he takes great pains to distinguish between those who wish to censor nasties from a Tory moralist perspective and those feminists who feel a 'real concern about the degradation of women in many films'. It is good that, despite such caveats, he has provided such an effective collection of arguments for the now-threatened principle that, in matters of censorship, the burden or proof should rest exclusively on the shoulders of those who promote it. □

Battle stations

John Herdman

The Letters of Hugh MacDiarmid
ed. ALAN BOLD *Hamish Hamilton* £20

HUGH MACDIARMID'S correspondence represents a massive outcrop of his multifarious literary activity and stands as a monument to his limitless energy, his unshakeable belief in himself and his absolutely uncompromising commitment to his guiding principles. Considering the oft-reiterated protestation that he dislikes the mass of people and has nothing but contempt for their opinions and predilections, and that he hates writing letters, it is a tribute to his conscientiousness that he kept so prolifically in touch with so many. On the other hand, it is in consonance with his ultimate privateness that these letters are very little revealing of his inner personality; and that, while he is capable of manifesting real human sympathy and warmth, a barrier is erected and maintained which effectively denies access to the feeling man behind the public persona.

MacDiarmid seems to have been really close to very few individuals indeed, certainly among his correspondents; but the early letters to George Ogilvie, his English teacher at Broughton Junior Student Centre and his one true mentor, show at once how touchingly loyal he could be to his real friends, and how great — in spite of his steely self-belief — was his need for sympathetic understanding. One of his most pleasing qualities is his capacity to combine, without affectation, the utmost — and often brutal — frankness about the work, opinions and attitudes of other artists, with a genuine openness and good-will towards them as individuals, where he feels that these are merited. On the other hand, when he decides that anyone is ill-motivated, his condemnation can be devastating and his language crushingly telling without ever becoming altogether intemperate.

Many of these letters are routine in nature, and there is a great deal of repetitious cataloguing of MacDiarmid's huge literary projects and undertakings, his recurrent financial difficulties and so on, but little fresh light is shed on his private life or his inward motivations. Yet the letters do on a few notable occasions strikingly illuminate his creative processes: always sure of what he was doing poetically, he could explain his intentions with admirable clarity and directness. As a letter-writer, however, MacDiarmid is at his best in combat, whether private or public: his polemical style resembles a series of accurately directed blows from a very heavy but far from blunt instrument, while his self-assurance imparts to his ripostes the serenely impregnable quality of a rather elegant steam-roller.

Alan Bold's able introduction is both informative and well-organised, but the editing shows some signs of undue haste. Letters to each correspondent are grouped together, the earliest letter in a series determining the

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chronological position of the group. This system has definite advantages, but it imparts to the collection as a whole a somewhat saltatory effect. The edition however is a major contribution to MacDiarmid studies, even if Alan Bold oversteps the mark in claiming that it reveals the poet as 'one of the great letter-writers of the twentieth century'. □

FICTION

Bells of hell

Marion Glastonbury

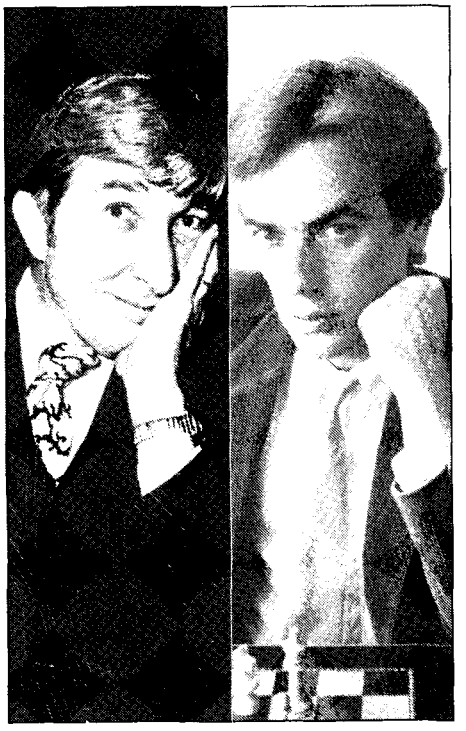
Money
MARTIN AMIS *Cape* £8.95
The Witches of Eastwick
JOHN UPDIKE *Deutsch* £8.95
The Tiger
LISA ST AUBIN DE TERAN *Cape* £8.95
The Wild Girl
MICHELE ROBERTS *Methuen* £8.50

ALL THESE books have designs on our nervous systems, aiming at the solar plexus or below. Collectively, they've gone about as far as they can go in conveying terminal malaise and Weltschmerz, and this intensity of moral aspiration often finds expression in the minutiae of physical symptoms and sensations. The soul in torment feels like hell. The cellular agony of a city writhes in one individual's horripilating flesh.

Martin Amis's latest fictional protagonist was born to a career of bone-crunching violence under a scum-coloured London sky, but we first meet him in New York — 'Five blocks and you're reduced to tears of barbaric nausea' — where actors and backers are to be recruited for his new film which shares with this novel the title **Money**. Information on market forces is scarce and sketchy, but there is plenty of compensatory detail on the thrilling brutality of wealth, the lure of the chauffeur-driven Autocrat, the bliss of being envied, the scope for revenge. John Self lurches from blackout to hangover, winning sympathy by suffering a boil on his buttock, a fiasco on the tennis court, a disappointment in a brothel, a continence-problem at the Opera; alienating sympathy by beating up a film star and raping his girl-friend. Sympathy? Well, perhaps not. Schadenfreude rules. John is happiest when his mate goes to gaol, and constantly yearns to give Selina, inter alia, a punch on the tits.

All the scenes aspire to hilarity and all the characters, from Cockney villains to Hollywood financiers, talk with a square-jawed, hard-nosed, slot-mouthed volubility that is quite difficult to de-code. The author himself makes a modest appearance as the reviser of the screen-play, while the director, seen in a belatedly redeemable light, cherishes a dog, serves an apprenticeship to literature, submits to encounters with High Culture and denounces television. Is this supposed (as the producer would say) to respectabilize the package? The Royal bride is tenderly praised, presumably to offset the foaming virulence of pornographic set-pieces and the odd squib of lese-majesty earlier on.

There is a striking similarity in the presentation of Martin Amis and John Updike on the dust-jackets of their respective works: the one baleful in corduroy with chessboard; the other roguish in pinstripes with wine-glass; each boldly and dressily posed as the chic conjurer at an apocalyptic entertainment whose verbal wizardry promises to evoke shimmering visions of excess, whet strange appetites and suspend our disbelief in Absolute Evil.



Updike and Amis posed as chic conjurers 'at an apocalyptic entertainment'

Updike's concern in **The Witches of Eastwick** consists of three glamorous and mutually attracted divorcées — a sculptress, a cellist and a journalist — each with a third teat to suckle a canine familiar, besides several ill-fated lovers and a defunct husband whose remains serve as a place-mat or are sprinkled as a condiment in stew. Actually these women cook shamefully seldom — their children beg in vain for proper meals — and their homes are increasingly neglected as they luxuriate in the patronage of a mysterious millionaire, whose mansion offers music, art, massage, blasphemy and more tennis. Then, because the powers of darkness must have exercise, Van Horne turns his attentions elsewhere and the malignant skills of the rivals find a new victim.

Despite Updike's harsh words on commercial conformity — 'air-brushed ads at the front of magazines' — his own mannered celebrations of the seasons, landscape and physique breathe the spurious rapture of promotional copy: 'There was thus in fall a rebirth of identity out of summer's mob of verdure.' And how's this for an exclusive tint? Sukie has 'hair of that pale yet plangent colour called red that lies between apricot and the blush at the heart of yew wood.'

The evil genius of **The Tiger** is a Venezuelan châtelaine of German origin who scourges her peasants, tortures her dependents and haunts her favourite grandson after her death. Lucien inherits both the capacity to kill and the gift of healing, the urge to build and a taste for demolition, the gambler's golden touch and a yen for ruin. One minute his champagne fountain is choked with discarded tiaras; the next he's a pauper in prison, impressing the warders with his meek yet noble demeanour. Noted elements of the author's previous work recur here: travel, illness, extremes of affluence and squalor, all couched in stately prose that confers an aura of distinction, connoisseurship, savoir vivre, on a bunch of richly caparisoned nonentities. Neither heirlooms nor dynastic traditions nor premonitions of doom can raise Lucien to the mythic stature and epic significance sought by his creator. He exists by rumour and hearsay, the figment of a vacuous gossip column, the talk of a phantom town.

The Eternal Feminine embodied in **The Wild Girl** is mercifully benign. Mary Magdalene proclaims the sanctity of passion following her carnal union with Jesus and strives to promote a girl-friendly version of His teaching in opposition to male-dominated Petrine orthodoxy. Innocence and pleasure make a welcome change from voluptuous cruelty and female succubi, but there are few surprises in this re-told Bible story, and the studied simplicity of Mary's diction as she spells out the new theology sounds infantile rather than child-like: 'Let me be the serpent, Mary, and you the tree. See me rising to coil round you and enter you and hide inside.' □

Going halfway

Tariq Ali

To the Frontier
GEOFFREY MOORHOUSE *Hodder* £9.95
Lords of the Khyber
ANDRE SINGER *Faber* £9.95

TRAVEL WRITERS of the old world enjoyed certain advantages denied their modern counterparts. For a start they could combine the role of geographer and historian. Furthermore, it was impossible to check the accuracy of their accounts: the passenger ship, aeroplane and satellite television were still some centuries away. Who then can blame the privileged storytellers of old for a few bits of skilful embroidery to prolong the trance of their spellbound listeners and, no doubt, financiers? Compare, for instance, the descriptions of India's Malabar coastline by the two veterans, Marco Polo and Ibn Batuta, and you could be forgiven for thinking that the Venetian and the Arab were in different worlds. There has always, in short, been a close link between travel writing and fiction. In recent years the two-way traffic between these closely related disciplines appears to have increased. Bruce Chatwin has turned to producing novels and V.S. Naipaul has taken to chronicling his passages around the world. Travel writing can thus be said to constitute a transitional genre, a halfway house between instant history and fiction.

Geoffrey Moorhouse belongs to the former

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category. He is an old India hand and his work tends to be a cross between Alan Moorehead and Katherine Mayo. I enjoyed his book on Calcutta (my favourite Indian city), but was unconvinced of his capacity to repeat the exercise in Pakistan. One reason for this, I suppose, was an instinctive hostility at the thought of a *ferangi* wandering through a country from which so many of us are now exiled. A more rational objection was based on a feeling that he would find it difficult to penetrate below the surface in a land where the Generals have attempted to make Islam the heroin of the people, but where the dreaded drug itself remains far more popular and available. I was half-wrong.

To the Frontier is a readable and, in parts, entertaining account of Zia's Pakistan, notwithstanding the by-now-ritual snide references to Salman Rushdie and myself (Moorhouse would have done better to have read *Shame* during his travels). The author is undoubtedly happier trekking in Chitral and the foothills than inhaling the polluted air of the towns. The book reflects this prejudice. His description of Pakistani cities is disappointing, with the exception of Islamabad, a modern capital without life or soul. He is unfair to Rawalpindi and only a bit more enthusiastic about Peshawar. His itinerary appears to have been determined by officialdom and a desire to tour the sights of the *raj*, which is fair enough, but insufficient.

And surely the time has now come for all concerned to stop referring to the capital city of the old and new Punjab as 'Kipling's Lahore'. It is the tombs, fortress-palaces, mosques and gardens of the Mughals that have both marked the city and provided it with architectural splendours. Prince Jehangir's passion for Anarkali is of greater interest than Kipling's drunken row with gung-ho civil servants at the Punjab Club. The city symbolised by the bard of the Empire can be seen in ten minutes (and the *Civil and Military Gazette* carried on, by the way, till 1962 not 1952). It is the other Lahore, whose heartbeats are anxiously monitored by every military dictator, that is far more vital. The vibrancy may be concealed, but it exists. This is the Lahore of the old *sufi* poets with their mass followings and their declared hatred of organised religion. Moorhouse should have met Dr Nazir Ahmed, a foremost authority on Punjabi culture, who would have enriched his experiences. This was and still can be a town which appreciates culture and diversity and whose populace is renowned for its self-critical sense of humour. It is not just the town of Ranjit Singh, the Sikh ruler who presided over a large empire, but was also the birthplace of Bhagat Singh, executed by the British as a terrorist. It was a centre of different cultures, whose interaction gave the city a cosmopolitan flavour, destroyed for ever by the confessional massacres that were a ghastly prelude to the division of 1947. Thirty years later the citizenry turned out in its thousands to welcome a Bhutto deposed by the army. Unknowingly they sealed his fate. Popularity in Lahore was a threat that could not be tolerated.

Moorhouse does not gloss over the nastiness. He does perceive that underneath the deceptive calm there exists a torturers' regime backed to the hilt by Washington. To his credit he agrees to meet a victim and smuggles his testimony out of the country. (A lesson here, surely, for the BBC Urdu Service which has become a servile, toadying mouthpiece of the Foreign Office.) He records a conversation with a fundamentalist doctor-turned-theologian that reads like a parody of Maulana Dawood in *Shame*. Dr Israr defends stoning adulterers to death and admits that he would be prepared to hurl the first brick:

> . . .when I shook my head in disbelief, he told me that the precedent came from Moses and that the Prophet Mohammed himself had carried out such an execution. He went on to draw an analogy between such savagery and the need for a surgeon to amputate a limb to prevent disease spreading.

Moorhouse is shocked. His liberal sensitivities are outraged and he is right to respond in this fashion, but he should not confine the blame to Pakistan. The backers of this regime sit in Washington and London. Zia is in the pocket of the Pentagon. The Army serves imperialist interests in the region. Military dictatorship, torture and heroin are, after all, a small price to pay in the defence of freedom.

André Singer's book is an odd amalgam of what other people (mainly British colonial administrators) have written or said about the Pathans of the North-West Frontier. He places great reliance on Sir Olaf Caroe, a shrewd civil servant who knew when to kill Pathans and when to entertain them. I must confess that I found nothing of value in this book. Clearly designed to cash in on the new-found interest of the West in Afghanistan, **Lords of the Khyber** is essentially a scissors-and-paste job, enlivened by a few photographs. One short essay by Fred Halliday is worth ten compilations of this sort. □

Panamania

John Spurling

Getting to Know the General
GRAHAM GREENE *Bodley Head* £8.95

ROMANTICS are usually described as incurable, but romanticism is not so much a disease or an attitude to life as an intrinsic condition. Even in his seventies Graham Greene could no more turn soberly calculating and pragmatic than could an oak become an elm. So when, in 1976, a mysterious telegram arrived at his home in Antibes inviting him to Panama as the guest of its *caudillo*, General Omar Torrijos, he accepted without hesitation. The Panama of historical romance — of Drake, of Keats's stout Cortez (though he meant Balboa), of the pirate Sir Henry Morgan and of the tragic Scottish settlement at Darién — 'had persistently haunted my imagination'. Why, a friend wanted to know when he was finishing this account of his love affair (that is what it amounted to) with Panama and its ruler, was he always so interested in Spain and Latin America? His answer is characteristic: 'In those countries politics have seldom meant a mere alternation between rival electoral parties but have been a matter of life and death.'

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New technology is increasingly seen as affecting the quality as well as the quantity of employment. The way in which it poses new problems and new opportunities was the subject of an ILO meeting which considered the impact of new technology on skill requirements. The analysis emphasised that work organisation often had as much impact as the technology itself. This publication also includes the working papers submitted to the meeting which covered a survey of legislation and collective agreements on work organisation and the introduction of new technology; policies and practices concerning automation and work organisation both in market economy countries and in those with centrally planned economies; and work organisation and occupational stress.
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Human stress, work and job satisfaction, *by T.M. Fraser*
This monograph is concerned with man in his working environment, and touches on the disciplines of physiology, psychology, sociology, ergonomics, clinical medicine and systems engineering. It is written for those wishing a complete picture of the inter-relationships occurring between the tangibles and intangibles of work, job satisfaction and stress.
ISBN 92-2-103042-3 £4.65

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General Torrijos was, of course, a romantic too, or at least always appeared so to Greene. Mingling with his peasants, suddenly bestowing a favour, enjoying risky flights in small aircraft (he died in a crash in 1981 which may or may not have been accidental), dreaming of social democracy, chivalrously offering advantages to his not at all chivalrous opponents, standing up to the big bad USA (one of Greene's inveterate bogies) for his tiny country's rights over the Canal, 'happy and reckless' in conversation with his distinguished but highly flattered guest, Torrijos comes over as the dashing king of a real-life Ruritania. Greene even thought he 'could read the premonition of death in his eyes' and Torrijos confided that 'You and I have something in common. We are both self-destructive'.

Getting to Know the General is subtitled 'The Story of an Involvement', but the trouble is that this encounter with Ruritania lacks a plot. There is the signing of the Canal Treaty in Washington, which Greene attended as a Panamanian delegate; there is the civil war in Nicaragua bubbling off-stage — Greene frequently meets Sandinistas and even sends 'a small cheque. . . in the hope that it would buy a few bullets, one of which might put paid to Somoza'; there is a solid and humorously conceived second character, in the shape of Torrijos' most faithful aide, known as Chuchu, a poet and ex-professor of Marxist philosophy; and there are a few shadowy figures such as ex-president Arias, 'Senor V.' and the President's Chief of Staff, Colonel Flores, who look ready to play the parts of Black Michael and Rupert of Hentzau. But nothing really happens on stage and we end up with a rather scrappy travelogue, intermittently enlivened with episodes of discomfort and misunderstanding which miss becoming farce because they too, like the incipient adventure story, lack a plot. In these sections of the book Chuchu, an energetic drinker, womaniser and political entrepreneur with a maudlin streak plays the catalyst to Greene's straight-man, whose tribulations mainly consist of inadequate food and drink, missed connections and tourist's boredom, though 'politics', he remarks, 'can be a distraction from boredom'.

Such desultory experiences, of course, are the stuff of life and, used as telling details, of lifelikeness in a novel, but they are of little use to a romancer of Greene's type unless he can thread them on to a strong story-line. He tried and failed to do so in an abortive novel called *On the Way Back,* then settled for this memoir when he heard the news of Torrijos' sudden death.

Greene is justly famed for his atmospheric settings, but he has never been a very careful observer of human behaviour. The minor characters in his novels are rapid, serviceable sketches, contributions both to the atmosphere and to the swiftly running plot; his major ones are usually self-projections. Very little of Torrijos emerges beyond his boyish charm and enthusiasm and Greene's great admiration for him; indeed one hardly learns more about him from the book than is already conveyed by Bernard Diederich's photo on the dustjacket of old-timer Greene and young cowpuncher Torrijos (actually in his forties) smiling shyly at each other across a table under a palm tree. □

Elementary

Francis Wheen

Delightful Murder: A Social History of the Crime Story
ERNEST MANDEL *Pluto* £3.95

AFTER BREAKFAST, Sherlock Holmes reached into the Persian slipper which served as his tobacco pouch, while I perused *The Times* newspaper. Our tranquillity, however, was soon interrupted by a knock at the front door, followed by the sound of footsteps ascending the stair. A small fellow in spectacles appeared before us.

'Mr Holmes,' he said, 'you must forgive my attending upon you without an appointment; but what I must discuss cannot wait, and in any case I have little taste for bourgeois civility.'

I disliked the man at once.

'Sir,' my friend replied. 'I perceive that your name is Ernest Mandel, that you reside in Brussels and that you are of a socialistic persuasion.'

'By all that's wonderful, Holmes!' I cried. 'How on earth. . ?'

The great detective brushed aside my congratulations. 'I am a keen student of Mr Mandel's activities Watson,' he explained. 'Not only is he the author of such works as *Late Capitalism* and *Marxist Economic Theory,* but he is also a prominent member of the Fourth International. Several crowned heads of Europe have entrusted me with — what is it called? — a watching brief with regard to Mr Mandel.'

'I am glad,' our uninvited guest replied. 'We can dispense with introductions, then: you know of me and I am closely acquainted with your reputation — that, indeed, is the problem about which I must consult you. I am a good Marxist, but I also find myself addicted to bourgeois crime novels. How to reconcile the contradiction? I decide to write a book about it all, but still I am unhappy.'

Holmes lit his pipe. 'You do not surprise me. I have read your new book and concluded that it will please nobody. Marxists will consider the subject too frivolous; readers of crime stories will find the treatment pompous and, at times, insulting.'

Our foreign visitor seemed stung by this last accusation. 'Insulting, sir? I am a man of the people — how could I insult them?'

'By speaking *de haut en bas*,' my friend replied. 'For example, you argue that the detective story is the opium of the "new" middle class, a psychological drug that distracts from the intolerable drudgery of daily life.' Holmes picked up a slim volume from the walnut table. 'Perhaps I may quote a peculiarly revealing passage? "The crime story is a response to the needs of alienated intellectual and service-industry labour, partially conscious of its alienation but not yet sufficiently so to understand that a scientific explanation of the mysteries of commodity production and bourgeois society is possible."'

'And what is incorrect in that?'

'Your own case disproves it. You like to read crime stories, yet you are palpably conscious of your alienation from bourgeois society. What is interesting in your book is not the account of why so many people read these novels — one can hardly give much credence to your argument that in recent years the books of John Le Carré and Len Deighton have "begun to contribute to a questioning by millions of people of basic bourgeois values". No, what interests me is your explanation of why you, Mr Mandel, should be so fond of reading these stories.'

Mandel frowned. 'But I give no such explanation.'

'Precisely,' Sherlock Holmes replied. 'Like the dog that did not bark in the night. Your silence on the subject bespeaks your guilt.' He paused for a moment. 'There is one other matter. On page 16 of your new book you write: "A waitress once said to me in a New York restaurant, 'You're the corned beef and cabbage, aren't you?'" Perhaps you were hoping that your readers would forget a passage from another of your books, *The Marxist Theory of Alienation* (Pathfinder Press, NY, 1970), in which you mention a visit to an American restaurant: "I heard one waitress address herself to a person and say, 'Ah, you are the corned beef and cabbage'." In the 1970 version you implied that the waitress spoke these words to another diner; now you claim that she was talking to you. If we cannot trust you in small particulars, why should we trust you in anything else?'

Our visitor slumped in his chair, looking deathly white, but remained silent.

'Dr Watson and I are going out for half an hour,' Holmes continued. 'You will find a loaded pistol in the top drawer of my desk.'

A minute later, as my friend and I emerged into the morning bustle of Baker Street, we heard a loud report from the room upstairs. □

Toilette

Alan Jenkins

It might be that small cottage
off Ship Street,
where any man would lead you up the
garden path.

It might be, for convenience,
anywhere in Brighton, Bath,
Charing Cross, Soho, Notting Hill.

It could be something from *The
American Friend,*
a numbness starting at your feet,
someone stirring your mess of pottage
and taking you apart.

The blade that brings a last flush
spreading from your still-
warm heart.

The knives put back carefully, end
to end — that sly hint of deviance;
your trying not to blush.

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Shorter reviews

The Entertainment Machine: American Showbusiness in the Twentieth Century
ROBERT C. TOLL *Oxford* £10

D.H. Lawrence said it best: 'For God's sake, let us be men, not monkeys minding machines.' In this book, the American academic Robert C. Toll reveals how all his compatriots are monkeys, passively amused by films, records and commercial broadcasting. His basic theory is that traditional genres adapt to the dominant technology and are recycled as various media rise and fall in popularity. Thus live musicals declined with the coming of sound film but bounced back on the death of the Hollywood studios. Television westerns, dented by crime series, revived through the violent cinema of the 1960s. It's a comforting vision of continuity but a misguided premise. Toll has given himself such a wide brief that detailed analysis is squeezed out by narrative: you will read a lot about machines and entertainment here, but precious little about the media's crucial relationship with the public.

The book naively assumes that the box office never lies. What an audience gets is what it always wants: a thesis which ignores the fact that mainstream entertainment has frequently been revived by minority cultures which were previously ignored. Toll notes, for example, that Elvis Presley was made popular by an independent record company taking advantage of new, cheap, recording technology. He does not realise that Presley's success was based on young people, unnoticed before, who now had the spending power to make him a going proposition. In this respect, technology's influence on form is slight. What matters is money — and who has it to spend.

The Entertainment Machine is a useful guidebook for those new to the subject but it lacks a genuinely critical position. There are too many assumptions, too many bland panegyrics to forgotten things. One thing is certain: with the coming cable and satellite systems, we will need more vigorous minds than Robert C. Toll's to sort out the problems.

David Lancaster

Young Children Learning: Talking and Thinking at Home and at School
BARBARA TIZARD and MARTIN HUGHES
Fontana £2.95

Professor Tizard's work on early childhood education is well-known and respected. So when she and her co-author explode two theories widely held by the teaching profession and by society in general — that working-class children under-achieve at school because of language deprivation at home and that teachers are better able to stimulate children linguistically and intellectually than their parents — the repercussions will be felt.

In a series of taped conversations with 30 four-year-old girls (half middle- and half working-class) at home and at nursery school, the authors provide some illuminating evidence. At home, *all* the children take part in conversations with their mothers that increase their knowledge of the world and stretch them intellectually.

At school, the children, who have showed considerable spirit and ingenuity in their home conversations, are monosyllabic. In all, there is four times as much adult-child talk at home as at school. Staff dominate conversations. The children, who on average ask 26 questions an hour at home, ask only two an hour at school.

The difference is particularly pronounced for the working-class children who, at school, appear subdued, unassertive and immature. Faced with an inarticulate child, the teacher is bound to assume she is the same at home. Thus the myth of working-class verbal deprivation arises. But, far from compensating for any inadequacies at home, the staff lower their expectations of these children, ask them less intellectually demanding questions.

The study goes further. The authors suspect that the kind of dialogue favoured by teachers — based on asking questions which require for their answer a definite use of thinking skills—in fact makes the child confused and inhibited and does not help her to think and learn as much as the more informal conversations taking place at home. The enquiring mind of the four-year-old, they say, has no outlet in a setting where the child's basic role is to answer and not to ask questions. The taped conversations with the nursery staff show with horrifying clarity how full of traps the deliberate process of aiding intellectual growth can be.

The authors stress that they do not want to see nursery schools disappear: they emphasise that children have a wide variety of needs, some of which cannot be met at home. But the disturbing question remains. Why are working-class children so socially insecure at nursery school that they *appear* to be linguistically deprived and thus start on the downward spiral leading towards under-achievement? And what can nursery schools do about this?

Julia Hagedorn

The Function of Criticism
TERRY EAGLETON *Verso* £15 & £3.95

Terry Eagleton's essay seeks to 'recall criticism to its traditional role' — engagement in cultural politics — from what he considers a position of crisis, where it is narrowly preoccupied with literary texts and estranged from social life through confinement to Academe and 'the literary industry' (public relations branch). Central to his argument is Jürgen Habermas's notion of 'the public sphere': an arena which facilitates free and equal discourse, among individuals, on cultural questions. Eagleton's starting-point is early 18th-century England, where the coffee houses and clubs and such periodicals as Steele's *Tatler* and Addison's *Spectator* comprised a 'bourgeois public sphere' which sustained cultural consensus. That sphere's gradual disintegration by economic and political factors is subsequently charted in a brief (and confessedly selective) history of criticism in England.

The Victorian 'academicization of criticism' marked its demise as 'a socially active force'. Later, *Scrutiny* represented an attempt to reinvent the classic public sphere: an attempt doomed from the outset given the conditions of late capitalist society. Arriving at the present, Eagleton savages structuralism and deconstruction before promoting the 'revolutionary criticism' originally advanced in *Walter Benjamin* (1981) — wherein he parted company with his earlier work — as the only productive course that an enervated discipline can take as an alternative to withering away. Designed to assist 'the cultural emancipation of the masses', such criticism ideally requires (and currently lacks) a 'counterpublic sphere' based on institutions of popular culture and popular education. Feminism, though, provides a shining model: criticism that takes its impulse from a political movement.

As always, it is not necessary to agree with Eagleton's dark view of today's criticism, or his prescription for a better tomorrow's, to find him a splendid polemicist. Inevitably, though, the fact that *The Function of Criticism* — like its predecessor, *Literary Theory* — largely reproduces the message of *Walter Benjamin* does lead to its final impact being rather muffled.

David Montrose

Who's Afraid of Margaret Thatcher? Tariq Ali in Conversation with Ken Livingstone
Verso £14 & £2.95

This short book consists of two long conversations which took place at County Hall in June 1983 and April 1984 between the two red horned and tailed demons whom Steve Bell delineates on the cover. It is an essential sequel to the unpolitical *Citizen Ken* and a must for all Livingstone-fanciers.

Tariq Ali's trenchant introduction aims its fairground rifle at a row of targets including the 'pink professors' (Crick and Hobsbawm), the 'fashion conscious editors of *Marxism Today*' who have done for radical *chic* what the Princess of Wales has done for parturition, the 'charade' of the block vote and (for the provenance of these talks is the Olympian *New Left Review*) the massed vices of Labourism.

The interview format is peculiarly well suited to the episodic and anecdotal temper of Ken Livingstone's political intelligence. He is explicit about his lack of any theoretical apparatus and at the end of his introduction Uncle Tariq leans over and administers a gentle slap on the wrist to young Ken for this ('Yet, I'm afraid, he will have to plough through some of the socialist classics sooner or later.')

What Livingstone does possess, of course, is an abundant political chutzpah. He has made socialism popular, deflected the arrows of media malignity and charmed the pants off us. What comes across most forcefully in these conversations is his optimism that we will see another Labour Government in 1987 or 1988, that it will be qualitatively different from its predecessors and that people can be won back in large numbers to the socialist cause. Given the self-flagellating gloom that prevails in many parts of the Labour movement this buoyancy is refreshing.

Livingstone, who joined the Labour Party in 1968, when other socialists were leaving it in droves — a fact that bemuses Tariq Ali—is decidedly a child of the *mille neuf soixante huit*, both in his laid-back manner and in his receptivity to the new politics of feminism and anti-racism. He is not in the old corporatist mould of hidebound Labour politicians — what Tariq Ali, in a witty coinage, calls the 'Stabians' (product of a collision between 'Stalinist' and 'Fabian', describing those right-wing authoritarians in the upper reaches of the Labour Party who go about in horror of the grassroots).

Above all, he believes in the need for rebirth in the Party, 'basically refounding the Labour Party', which will come about as much from recognising what people outside it are demanding as from internal debate: 'This means *us* changing.' It is a tonic to hear a prominent Labour politician talking in this way. If this book does not go straight to the top of the alternative best seller lists in *City Limits* then I'm a member of Labour Solidarity.

Nicholas Murray

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ART

Buyers' market

John Spurling

Wyndham Lewis: The Twenties
Anthony d'Offay, 23 Dering Street, London W1, until 12 October
1984 New Contemporaries
ICA, until 21 October

WRITING ABOUT the Tate's last Biennial Report I noted that a disproportionate number of purchases for the modern collection came from three particular galleries. The Lisson has been somewhat less favoured over the period covered by the latest *Report* (£3) but I would still advise any artist who wants to be bought by the Tate to sign up with d'Offay's or Waddington's.

Lord Hutchinson, bowing out as Chairman of the Tate's Trustees (his place is to be taken by the architect Richard Rogers), drew special attention at the press conference to the quality of the Tate's recent purchases and indeed there are two fresh Mirós, a Delvaux, an Ernst, a Nevinson and a Picasso on the walls to support him, but even he was not prepared to boast too specifically about the purchases of contemporary work. The Tate has actually bought some better things over these two years than in the previous two, but you would be aware of it only by looking at the list, since the Gallery of New Art is still occupied almost exclusively by meretricious, fashionable things from the world of international dealing.

The Director, Alan Bowness, is mainly concerned at present with questions of space: the opening of the Clore Gallery for the Turner Collection in 1986; plans for two new museums for modern sculpture and new art respectively; and still longer-term plans for a distinct Museum of 20th-century art, so that the existing Tate building could eventually be wholly devoted to British art, past and present. He still has hopes, too, of opening a Tate of the North in the Albert Docks in Liverpool.

All this is admirable and, given the amount of work in the Tate's possession which has to be stored out of sight, long overdue, but there is something slightly Thatcherite about it, an obsession with reconstructing the bath while the baby disappears down the plughole. On the wall of the room where the press conference was held there was a particularly fine example of British 19th-century Realism, Sir George Clausen's 'Winter Work', painted exactly a century ago. I suspect this was one of the Director's own purchases. It's time he brought his eye to bear on contemporary purchases, unless he means to build yet another museum as a monument to the fleeting follies of his curators.

Meanwhile, in one of the two principal antechambers to the Tate, Anthony d'Offay's, there is an exhibition — including loans from the Tate and other public galleries — of work done in the Twenties by Wyndham Lewis. The gallery showed Lewis's better-known Vorticist work last year and will wind up with a third exhibition of his late work next year. In March 1920 Lewis tried to revive the experimental movement in British art which he had captained at the outbreak of the First World War, with a show called 'Group X'. The show fell flat. Lewis retreated into himself and his work, whose toughness and sharpness had always been distinctly un-English, took on much the same qualities as Sir William Rothenstein discerned in Lewis himself at this time: 'a formidable figure, armed and armoured, like a tank'.

Detail from *Bloody Russians* by New Contemporary Danny Inwards

The semi-abstract pictures in this exhibition are quite small and of complex design, hard-edged and neatly drawn in ink with watercolour, crayon and gouache. Their complexity and control owe much to Cubism, but they are based on figures not still-life and they look partly like machines, partly like totems. The recognisably figurative paintings are more alarming, for they have sharp as well as hard edges, and the people they portray seem to belong to some space-age saga with post-First World War political overtones, in which zombies alternate with automata. It is a shock to discover that what appears to be a tribute to the crisp and mindless uplift of Fascism — a group of militaristic figures with peaked hats and sharp creases looking down at a servile crowd with faces raised to a flag on a pole — is innocuously entitled 'The Pole Jump' and that the 'flag' is after all the vaulting athlete.

The portrait drawings have the same double-edged effect, as if these people — Iris Tree, the Sitwells, James Joyce or unnamed sitters — had sat down in all innocence and been swiftly translated into the true hardness of their characters. It is a process the direct opposite of what portraiture usually aims for; instead of digging out the nature concealed by formal appearance, instead of baring the soul of the sitter, it emphasises the covering, dwells on the clothes, hair-styles and shiny stretched skin, insists on the surface. In Lewis's art nothing is allowed to be soft and innocent, nothing comfortable or reassuring, except the colours. They alone, sweet and warmly harmonious, proclaim him a secret Englishman underneath, an enemy to compromise only on the outside.

I wish I could recommend the Tate to chance its arm with a purchase from the student work in the ICA's *1984 New Contemporaries*, but even the selectors — to judge from their comments in the catalogue — seem dissatisfied with what they received from an open submission. The chief trouble is that when any style goes, it is ideas that count; and ideas without conviction — as these mostly are — make for thin and trivial objects. The best things are a boldly simple silk-screen by Danny Inwards called 'Bloody Russians (Afghan Rebel)'; a complicated construction under a purple light suggesting a skyscraper city entertaining itself at night and called 'Babylon', by Jeff Harvey; and Ann Carrington's 'Box', made of rolled newsprint and wood, the only piece with a sense of something straining to get out, even though it is rather clumsily realised. □

FILMS

High flying

John Coleman

Kaos (15)
Academy One
Once Upon a Time in America (18)
ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue and Fulham Road; Electric Screen
Stranger Than Paradise (15)
Camden Plaza
Moscow on the Hudson (15)
Warner
The Terence Davies Trilogy (18)
ICA
Out
Gate, Bloomsbury

WHEN THE BROTHERS Paolo and Vittorio Taviani are good, they tend to be splendid and their **Kaos**, all 190 minutes of it, is an unqualified delight. They thrive on peasant faces, timeless landscapes: no one is likely to forget the gritty scrutiny of Sardinia in *Padre Padrone*. Here the setting is semi-feudal Sicily and the film, scripted by the directors with Tonino Guerra, draws on four short stories by Pirandello, appending an exquisite Epilogue during which the author revisits the island. In a manner of mini-prologue, a male crow is discovered sitting on a clutch of eggs; rather than kill this ill-omened bird, the locals send it flying off with a bell tied round its neck; it is to provide a magical link between the different episodes. Superstition is in the air, as well as the bird, and its swooping flight allows of magnificent, panoramic sweeps of the Sicilian countryside: ruined monuments, flat hilltops, rough pasturage, glowingly photographed by Giuseppe Lanci.

Stones are unsuccessfully thrown at old crow by a group of peasants waiting by a roadside with their belongings, en route to America. Among them wanders a distraught old woman

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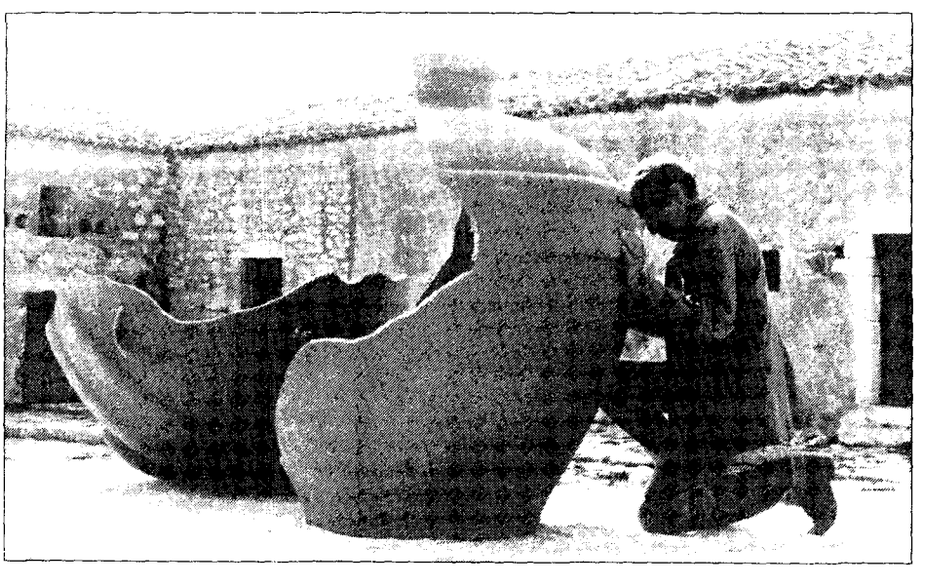
(Margarita Lozano) seeking someone to deliver a letter to her two sons who emigrated 14 years earlier. But the letter, dictated to a mischievous girl, proves to be meaningless scrawls. A young doctor, there to hand out health certificates, notes that the old woman rejects a weeping third son who has stayed behind and now offers her food and drink. On the doctor's promise that he will write a proper letter for her, the wild-looking mother tells him *her* story, in flashback — of how Garibaldi came and let bad men as well as good out of jail; how her husband was captured by a vicious band of brigands; how she, a handsome young mother of two, went searching and stumbled on the brigands' stronghold where, to her horror, they were playing bowls with her husband's head. The third son, it turns out, is the outcome of repeated rape by one of the gang and the spitting image of his villainous father. A shocking image finds the old woman, her tale done, rolling a pumpkin towards her wretched offspring. Then she calmly sits and begins dictating.

The second episode, 'Moon Sickness', with matter-of-fact eeriness shows the plight of a young bride who discovers her new farmer-husband goes wolf-mad at full moon. Broad comedy comes in the third *conte*, which is a small masterpiece in its own right. An autocratic landowner Don Lollo (Ciccio Ingrassia) has a fine crop of olives and orders a vast jar, 'wide as an abbess', to be made. One moonlit night the cherished new jar cracks into two jagged halves; the best repairer in all Sicily, Zi Dima (crafty-faced Franco Franchi), arrives with his secret glue but, to his fury, is commanded to stitch the mended jar for greater safety; he ends up inside it, unable to get out because of his humpback. The anecdote develops superbly, with Don Lollo consulting his lawyer, wily Zi Dima triumphing on another moonlit night, to be chaired off gleefully by a throng of merrymaking workers. The scurry and bustle of the great courtyard where most of this happens is caught to the life, packed with invention.

'Requiem' also plays a trick on authority, when the local baron refuses a deputation of poor shepherds their own cemetery, feeling they have already occupied enough of his huge estate. The key-image here is of an old man seated in a chair by a freshly-dug grave, waiting for imminent death. Throughout this enchanting film, there is a breathtaking authenticity, even audacity, of imagery. Every picture tells a story, right down to the tacked-on matter of Luigi Pirandello (distinguished Omero Antoniutti) visiting the grant Sicilian house where his mother had died some years before. Her very palpable ghost recounts in flashback a glorious childhood memory, when the family embarked on a red-sailed boat to take them to Malta and an exiled husband and father. Here almost everything is for the eye, as the boat makes a lyrical stop-off at an island famed for its pumice stone and the children strip to their underclothes to go cavorting and bouncing down a great dune of white dust, down, down to the glittering sea to bathe. This is hallucinatory cinema in the best sense, speaking directly to one's sense of wonder, recapturing a lost innocence.

It is with Sergio Leone's **Once Upon a Time in America** (in a version uncut by Warner Bros and unwinding at somewhere between 220 and 229 minutes, though even more footage exists) that the old tag *ars longa vita brevis* may well come to mind. As it offers melodramatic — and sometimes genuinely dramatic — high spots in the activities and fortunes of a quartet of Jewish gangsters in New York down the years, with crucial emphasis on 1923, '33 and '68, the much-disputed cutting-about in time, back and forth, is in fact no stumbling-block to comprehension. That proceeds, rather, from doubts as to what the director and his band of Italian script-writers are about: the dialogue of this 'Kosher Nostra' rarely rings mobsterish and those who rejoiced in the old Cagney machine-gun delivery can forget it. As the two principals, David 'Noodles' Aaronson and Maximillian Bercovitz, Robert De Niro and James Woods are fine, the former ageing superlatively. Noodles goes into the wilderness of Buffalo after an end-of-Prohibition party during which he has ratted on his buddies, to return 35 years on and find that Maxie (thought dead and buried) has somehow become Senator Bailey and taken Noodle's beloved Deborah (Elizabeth McGovern) as mistress and mother of his son. The period sets are tremendous. Tuesday Weld makes a convincing nymphomaniac. The rest is a botched patchwork of moods, verbal clichés and improbabilities. But see for yourself.

Cablese: Jim Jarmusch's **Stranger Than Paradise** is a black-and-white shoestring comedy about young Eva from Budapest, in New York, Cleveland and Florida in the dumb-crazy company of cousin Willie and his put-upon sidekick Eddie. Recommended. Paul Mazursky's soft-centred **Moscow on the Hudson** has a Russian circus saxophonist defecting in Bloomingdale's, having mostly rosy experiences of New York's ethnic mix: bits are engaging, but the anti-Moscow jokes pall. **The Terence Davies Trilogy**, largely autobiographical, b-and-w again, centres on torments of Catholic-reared homosexual as child, man and dying old man. Minority verdict: embarrassingly drenched in self-pity. **Out** should stay there. □



Ciccio Ingrassia with jar in Paolo and Vittorio Tavini's superb *Kaos*

THEATRE

Farce and loose

Benedict Nightingale

Big in Brazil
BAMBER GASCOIGNE *Old Vic*
Loot
JOE ORTON *Lyric*

TWENTY YEARS AGO Peter Cook famously opined that Britain was sinking giggling into the sea. It didn't happen, of course; but, had we done so, there would have been some comfort in the calibre of the cachinnation. That was the time of *Beyond the Fringe* and Lenny Bruce at the Establishment Club and the emergence of the comic hoodlum, Joe Orton. Mothers wrote to *Private Eye* inquiring how best to launch their children in the satire industry, since that was where the growth and the opportunities seemed to be. There was purpose in the sniggers resonating round the ship of state, the SS Titanic.

You couldn't often say that of the superficially similar noise so loudly heard on the theatrical decks in 1984. *See How They Run, Run for Your Wife, The Happiest Days of Your Life, A Little Hotel on the Side, Big in Brazil*: every other week seems to bring some new or revived farce to town, and most lack even the mildest punch.

The reasons are probably best left to the social historians to anatomise, or invent. I've heard it argued that farce flourishes at times of national unease, because it allows people to laugh, shrug and pack up their troubles in their old kit bags. I've heard it said that it thrives when the public mood is conservative, because the result of all that hilarious hurly-burly is usually the calming and comforting restoration of some status quo. I've heard its appeal explained in more psychological terms, that its picture of intensifying chaos has a cathartic

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effect. Maybe the various theories are correct, singly or collectively; or maybe they're unneccessarily pretentious attempts to rationalise the more haphazard ups and downs of fashion. Maybe all those managers are staging all those farces simply because they admired and envied Michael Frayn's *Noises Off*.

That brings me to **Big in Brazil**, which, like *Noises Off*, involves thespians in the sticks, this time bunglers from Huddersfield seeking their fortunes far up the Amazon. There, however, the similarities stop and the big, big differences begin. Farce works best when there's fear, tension, the possibility of disaster, in Frayn's case the collapse of a theatrical performance in mid-flow. We laughed at *Noises Off* because its characters were so desperately sustaining a semblance of order in the face of an ever-encroaching disorder. But Bamber Gascoigne repetitively exploits more traditional dreads, those of being caught in fibs, sins, compromising situations. Will the local hotelier discover that Prunella Scales is only pretending to be Mrs Patrick Campbell? Will Feydeau, who is in Brazil in search of royalties, learn that the farce she and Timothy West are presenting isn't by him, as their posters claim? Will the francophobe who doubles as the town's moral and legal guardian sleuth out the great dramatist's nationality, or the adulteries occurring in the hotel, or its host's attempts to swindle his guests?

The hectic pace set from the very start by Gascoigne's writing and Mel Smith's production can't disguise some fundamental problems. Farce must establish characters firmly enough for their humiliations to matter and then confront them with perils so unsettling that we, too, are squirming in panicky anticipation. But those elementary rules are flouted throughout *Big in Brazil*. The Campbell impersonation goes for nothing, the hijacking of Feydeau's name for very little. We know that Timothy West's Yorkshire impresario, resplendent in a striped canary suit, won't catch the flunkey who's robbing him, because he's the same actor in a black wig. Instead of being gripped by the chase, we're simply left boggling at the offstage bravura as West makes yet another split-second change and charges through yet another door. Moreover, it's impossible to believe that the police chief on whom Gascoigne increasingly relies for comic tension has any substance at all, still less that he's actually a cheerfully corrupt blend of Torquemada and Savanarola.

Is this enough to explain why no one was rolling in the aisles, or performing other such weird gymnastic rituals, on the first night? Perhaps. But laughter is notoriously difficult to make the object of nice, satisfying generalisations. Even my belief that its sources and causes are pretty trivial these days can't be maintained without qualification. After all, a revival of Orton's **Loot** hit Shaftesbury Avenue last week, and that's one of the first modern farces to have recognised that sexual hide-and-seek has little frisson in a permissive age and one of the few to have found a strong substitute. What new indignity will the Catholic protagonist inflict on the corpse of his mother, given his decision to use first her coffin, then the casket containing her viscera, to hid the proceeds of a bank-robbery? What trickery, what violence will Truscott of the Yard stoop to, in his maniac attempts to find and maybe share the loot?

Such questions proliferate, generating plenty of suspense, also permitting Orton to scathe the respectable with what becomes a capsule attack on moral and religious hypocrisy, the integrity

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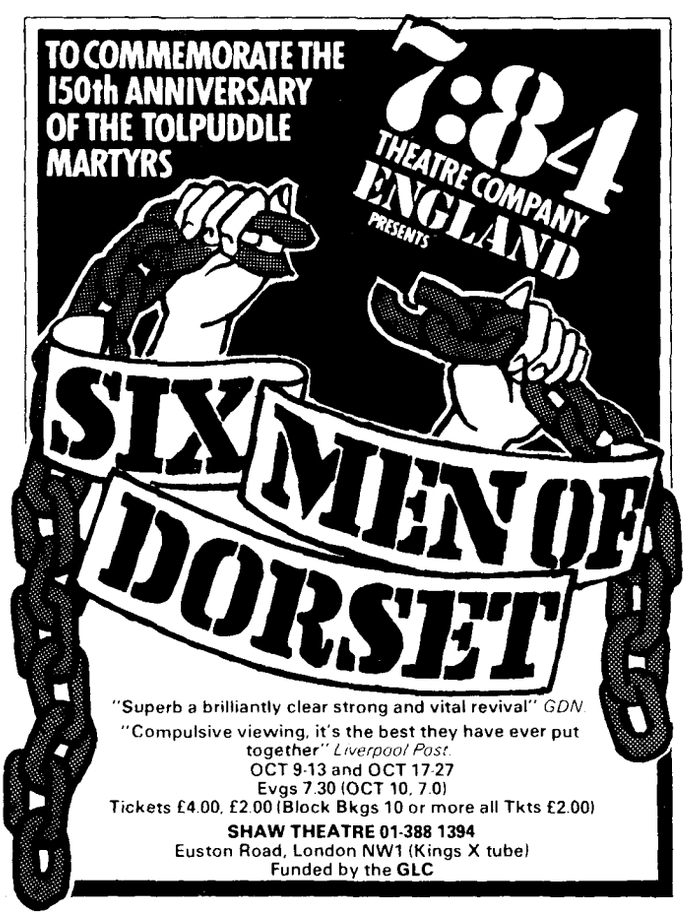

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Cinema

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The National Film Theatre is pleased to present the first near-complete retrospective of the Soviet director, YULI RAIZMAN, yet seen in the West.

Yuli Raizman's career spans seven decades and his films deal with the tension between private needs and public duties. Raizman is committed to posing questions about Soviet society. Included in our retrospective is Raizman's latest film A TIME OF WISHES and Mr Raizman will be discussing his career on Mon 29 Oct at 8.30.

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Full details from:
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of the police and, above all, the mechanical pieties conventionally provoked by death. With Leonard Rossiter's eyes and teeth glinting out Truscott's gleeful malice and other bits of him doing equally funny things, *Loot* should certainly make you laugh. It also proves that farce needn't be the alkaline entertainment it mostly is nowadays. It can sting too. □

JAZZ

Fan letters

Charles Fox

A History of Jazz in Britain 1919-50
JIM GODBOLT *Quartet* £14.95
Hot Air, Cool Music
BRUCE TURNER *Quartet* £9.95

SITTING DOWN to listen was more or less obligatory among jazz buffs in Britain between the wars. We may have read about — and doted upon — the antics in Harlem's Savoy Ballroom, but the notion of wiggling our bodies to the music seemed sacrilegious. Not until 1948, when Graham Bell's Australian Jazz Band encouraged audiences to start dancing, did that functional aspect get responded to.

One consequence of studying jazz rather than taking it for granted was the weight given to writers and discographers. The chief source of information was the *Melody Maker*, started in 1926, which, for over 30 years, was to cater for professional musicians — and a cadre of impassioned jazz enthusiasts. Small magazines got launched optimistically (*Swing Music*, *Ballroom and Band*), usually to collapse a few issues later. Only during World War II did support harden, notably for *Jazz Music*, which, in order to stay on the right side of paper rationing, began life as the journal of the Jazz Sociological Society. Discography, that amassing of personnels and matrix numbers, was more or less invented by Charles Delaunay in France, yet soon afterwards taken up avidly by the beleaguered British.

Most towns of any size possessed a Rhythm Club, at which collectors gave record recitals on wind-up gramophones. The meetings always ended with a jam session, local musicians careering off on 'Sweet Sue' or, as the 1930s rolled by, 'Doggin' Around'. All these activities are dwelt upon by Jim Godbolt. Indeed, **History of Jazz** is not so much limited by cutting off in 1950 as the fact that it presents a fan's eye view of British jazz.

That accounts for the emphasis placed upon visiting Americans, especially Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and, with background secrets provided for the very first time, Sidney Bechet's illicit performance at the Winter Garden Theatre in 1949. British performers, by comparison, get treated more brusquely. So there is no real discussion of the achievements of Spike Hughes (his Decca Dents get mentioned but not the more interesting Ellington-influenced recordings that followed), of Reginald Foresythe (dismissed by Godbolt as 'arty') or, more surprisingly, of Nat Gonella, an acolyte of Louis Armstrong and leader of a popular full-time band — his Georgians — as well as the inspirer of Humphrey Lyttelton while he was still at Eton.

A paucity of first-hand interviews with

Galleries

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surviving musicians is at least partly compensated for by an abundance of risible quotations. Not many national press reviewers leap, as Hannen Swaffer did in the *Daily Herald*, from describing Armstrong as 'looking and behaving like an untamed gorilla' to saying that 'his syncopated methods [are] as revolutionary as were the operatic orchestrations of Richard Strauss'.

At the end of his book, Godbolt mentions Bruce Turner a few times. In **Hot Air, Cool Music** Turner reciprocates in greater detail ('lean, cynical and almost impossible to hold a quiet conversation with'), for Godbolt acted as his agent.

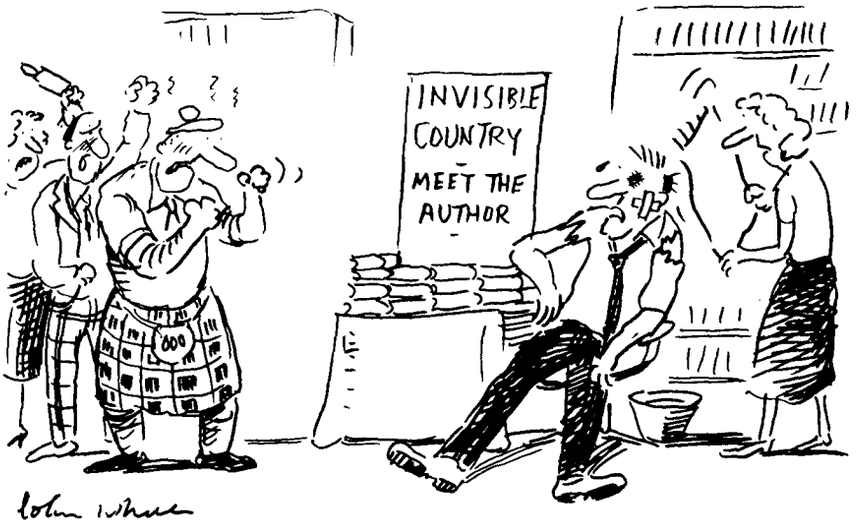
That was after Turner had progressed from being a typical jazz fan, albeit with a Chopin-playing mother, an absentee father and jazz-loving chums at Dulwich College. Naturally, he was not immune to the priggishness that enveloped us all. Bombs might fall, invasion fleets might set sail, but jazz remained the centre of existence. Even sex ran a pretty poor second.

It comes as a shock to discover that Bruce Turner once got close to auditioning for RADA. Otherwise the book reinforces his image as a remarkable musician who also happens to be a teetotaller, vegetarian and champion consumer of cream cakes. Food pops up a great deal, including recollections of eating left-over semolina puddings en route to West Africa with the RAF and his reactions after joining 'Geraldo's Navy' when, in contrast to a rationed Britain, he found himself aboard the Queen Mary where 'a man could stupefy himself with chocolate'.

Sailing to and from New York meant that Turner could drop in and hear Charlie Parker, visit Lennie Tristano and study alto saxophone with Lee Konitz. None of this turned him into a bebopper but it helped him to discover his own musical identity. That identity was to grace the ensembles of Freddy Randall, Humphrey Lyttelton (with whom he still plays today) and Acker Bilk, as well as the leadership of his own Jump Band.

A genuinely original British soloist, Turner has always resented those jazz pundits who maintained that truth lay only in New Orleans or, alternatively, had been revised at Minton's Playhouse halfway through the 1940s. A pity, then, that after being such a free spirit for so long, he should, in the book's closing chapters, become testy about jazz continuing to change. It is ironic even, in view of his repeated plea for British musicians to be treated on the same level as Americans, as that situation applies to younger players much more than it ever did — or does — to Turner's generation.

For proof of the way that jazz gets treated nowadays as an international rather than an American music, one need glance no further than at *The Wire*, just relaunched as a monthly magazine (six issues for £8.50 from 51 Beak Street, London W1) with features on a British-born bassist Barry Guy, the French pianist Michel Petrucciani, and accounts of events in both Eastern and Western Europe. Yet one consequence of the music's long retreat from the dance floor is that today's readers of *The Wire*, just like those buffs of half a century ago, will certainly be taking their jazz sitting down. □



Colin Wheeler

James Campbell

Going native

'IT IS A complex fate to be...' What? Henry James's remark about being an American is a truism, of course, since every nationality fills the empty place with equal merit. It is in itself no more or less complex a fate to have crossed the ocean from Washington Square to Rye than it is to be anything else, or — to take the case in point — to be a Scot. To belong, that is, to a country which most foreigners believe to be a mere appendage of another; to live in a nation which possesses the attributes of statehood only in memory; to find oneself growing obsessed with that memory of fuller development; to watch the fantasy which inevitably springs from obsession become the most accessible reality...

I could go on. Indeed, by writing a book about a journey through Scotland* I have done so. When I tell strangers that I have written 'a book about Scotland', the usual, understandable reaction (after straightforward history and politics have been discounted) is 'Ah, you mean you've written a *guide* book!' Wrong, of course, except in the special sense that it's a guide for myself. For travel writing is a discreet form of autobiography. *Invisible Country* stumbled along under the ball-point from its beginnings as an essay, too short for a book and too long for a magazine, to become a travel book which disguised the autobiographical essay form.

The genre appealed to me for its flexible, democratic nature, which, like that of the novel, permits all manner of improvisation within an inescapable structure decreed by the journey. It makes me nervous to hear that travel literature is enjoying a 'boom ' at present, for after the boom comes silence and it would be a pity if in a year or two the form were to find itself fleeced by the con-trick called fashion.

This travel book is humbly distinct from most others in one respect, that it is about the author's home country and was expected to be of most interest there. (Not generally so, considering the places visited by Greene, the Naipauls, Chatwin, et al.) This had some advantages, but one serious disadvantage: the traveller in his own land is deprived of that invaluable literary weapon, a sense of strangeness, of the exotic. Without it, you can find yourself walking endlessly through a maze of subtleties in search of an impression.

Two examples might illustrate the point. I have just returned from Turkey where I happened to be for the duration of the four-day Islamic festival of Bayram. On the first morning, in accordance with the story of Abraham and Isaac, lambs are sacrificed and their flesh is distributed among the poor. I stayed in the house of a man whose nephew had disappeared while swimming in the sea a few days before the start of Bayram, and the body had not yet been recovered. Among many answers to the sad riddle competing in my friend's mind was the thought that his nephew (he was convinced he had not drowned accidentally) had been kidnapped by fanatics to serve as a sacrifice in the forthcoming festival. By the time I left, the mystery was still unsolved.

Had I been writing about Turkey, who knows but that this story might have come to figure significantly. It was strange, hard-edged — somehow its lack of an ending made it more complete — and in its fascinating, appalling way might have helped to sum up a fragment of what I felt about that generally attractive and hospitable country.

Travelling around Scotland one comes across no such stories. But there are other types of savagery. In a pub in the border town of Kelso one evening I fell into conversation with a seaman. Hatred of everything emanated from him, particularly things connected with the Roman Catholic Church, and he expounded elaborate political theories based on links between the church and international

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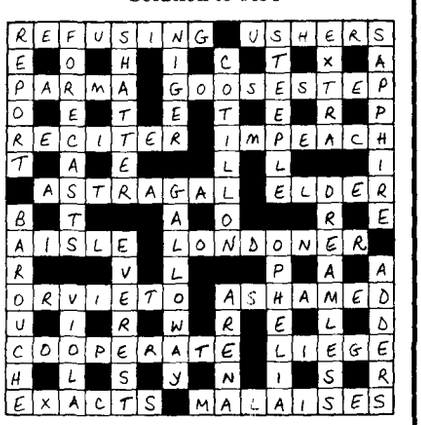
terrorism. From his experience in Vietnam and other wars, he told me that journalists were often shot by soldiers on their own side, that he had seen it done and approved of it. There was much more: drunken, bigoted rubbish spoken by a man I could tell was intelligent. Everything about this encounter — the place, the half-mad opinions, the smell of drink, the fact that despite it all I liked him — said something about the country in which it was taking place. It could not have happened like this anywhere else. (A truism to sit beneath Henry James's, but one it was always necessary to take account of.) Yet, while a foreigner would have seen him differently, even more vividly — just as a Turk would have another view of the Bayram story — my impressions were too vague and multifarious, finally, for me to force them into words. I knew too much, and that sharp impression which comes easily to the stranger was not made on me.

Too great a familiarity can get you into trouble in other ways, more predictable but no less bewildering at the time. For saying what seemed obvious I lost friends. For inadvertently referring in print to a Highlander as a poacher I was threatened with his wife's rolling pin. For quoting a farmer in what I considered a glowing light I was threatened, on the eve of publication, with the law. What I reported was not for dispatch to a distant country; it was a portrait to be inspected by the sitter there and then. What do you mean, asked an Aberdeen journalist, by describing all local girls as loose-living, infected and to be avoided at all costs? Well, that's one way of reading it... What grounds have you for calling Dundee a giant slum? That's not *quite* what I wrote... How dare you say the streets of Edinburgh are 'too safe', that Hugh MacDiarmid is unloved in his birthplace, that English estate owners are useless parasites...

And so on. I often wished I had been a stranger, battling with language, trying to make sense of manners and customs, extracting meaning from meaningless detail. Easier? No, but less involved, with no complex fate to answer to. How long did you spend on your travels, is another question frequently asked. Thirty years, I say. □

*Invisible Country *Weidenfeld £8.95*

Solution to 1454



Prizewinners to 1454

Barbara Cooper (Auchterarder, Perthshire)
S.H.G. Head (Lancing, Sussex)
Shirley Hirst (London NW3)

Naseem Khan

People's pictures

'THE smell of wet paint should be the most natural thing for a visitor to expect in a gallery, and that it still comes as a shock is a symptom of the gulf that has developed over the years between the artist and the public, and between the making and showing of art.'

It could be the GLC's Peter Pitt — in a more thoughtful mood than his recent television statements — speaking. But in fact it emanates from a much less august source: from a small gallery in Leeds, the visible part of a larger and potentially remarkable artists' self-help operation. Small though it is, the aims of the pioneering St Paul's Gallery and the Yorkshire Contemporary Art Group to which it belongs ought to strike a chord with the GLC. For the YCAG has put together a policy that gets its energy from a centrifugal push from the gallery. It is neither solely building-based nor concerned with 'centres of excellence'. The aim — and could the GLC debate it? — is 'the promotion to a wider public of interest in and access to contemporary visual art'.

It began earlier this year when three existing Yorkshire organisations, the St Paul's Gallery, Leeds Art Space Society and Yorkshire Printmakers decided to join forces, recognising that the sum of their three activities ought to be larger than a mere totting up of the parts. At the centre of the operation is the gallery: a pleasant medium-sized area with good natural light pouring in through the skylight. Exhibitors are chosen by an artists' panel; so are the inhabitants of the 11 studios attached to the gallery. Their presence is vitally important to the director of the Yorkshire Contemporary Art Group, 36-year-old James Hamilton. (He was responsible for that quote at the beginning of this piece.) It's not only that they prevent the gallery tipping over into the arid world of the saleroom. They symbolise for him the kind of interpenetration he wants to achieve between the artists and the world at large. 'A public gallery with studios around it,' Hamilton wrote passionately in a recent *Artists' Newsletter*, 'can be likened to the thrust stage in a theatre which brings actors and audience together. It is a thrust stage for the visual arts, allowing artists and gallery visitors to come into the sort of informal contact that demolishes barriers and dissolves prejudices.'

Being people of experience and sense, however, the participants realised that a gallery — studios or no — could not hope to make great inroads into the life of Leeds. If they wanted to do that, then they would have to leave the gallery behind. The second strand of Hamilton's job is to find new opportunities for artists outside the traditional gallery structure: pubs, institutions, offices, shopping centres. An index is slowly being compiled of possible open spaces. He's willing to play the middleman, if needed. Age Concern, for instance, asked for an exhibition about ageing: Hamilton put together a small selection of paintings that showed the rumbustiousness of old age, its resoluteness as well as darker aspects. An engineering firm asked for a rotating exhibition in its corridors and concourses for which of course they'd pay rental. Over half of that, stressed Hamilton, goes straight to the artist.

It's a constant hunt, he said with pleasure. 'There are acres and acres of dingy walls . . .' But there's more to the YCAG scheme than beautification. Hamilton also works to create residencies in which artists will be paid by a firm to work with them as an artist for a certain number of months. He is setting up a scheme whereby artists exhibiting in big group shows out of the region can share transport (a costly business). He's also actively supporting the move to locate and develop more communal studio space in Yorkshire. The aims are lively but disparate. What, I asked, were his priorities for the first year? 'To have gradually gone into the sort of areas that municipal galleries can't reach,' he said. 'To have given artists opportunities to get their work seen in front of the sort of people who never go to galleries. I want to reduce the stack of unshown paintings in artists' studios.'

This outreach philosophy is, of course, not a new discovery. The last decade has seen a cautious but steady exit from conventional galleries motivated partly by political conviction, partly by expedience, altruism, curiosity. In the Sixties John Latham managed to infiltrate artists into industry and even persuade industry to pay them. Today his work has been augmented and expanded by a range of vigorous enabling agencies eager to see art or artists where previously they hadn't been. There's Sunderland's Artists' Agency, Manchester's innovative Hospitals Art Scheme, the Public Art Development Trust, not to mention those community artists whose consistent work over the years has in fact done a lot to create a climate of opinion in which the other developments have met a sympathetic response.

Should Mr Pitt wish to see examples of this more fruitful way of fighting élitism, he should go inside his own Royal Festival Hall where a touring exhibition of the work of 'Artists in Industry' is about to open. Although the scheme of residencies devised by the Yorkshire Arts Association provided a possible hundred examples, the exhibition covers eight, which vary from power station to chocolate factory. None of the work that resulted can be called documentary. All, say the artists, was keenly followed and questioned and appreciated (mostly) by the work force wherever they were.

Any step beyond the safety of the gallery is a dicey, testing one. But the moves of the YCAG, and the others like them, to see that art and artists build themselves into the environment rather than being encased in an art palace, however prestigious, are another valid way of seeking to build a people's picture palace: not one, but one on every street. □

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TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Telepsy

SLEEP SEEMED an appropriate subject for its young cousin television to be investigating, but the resulting programme on **QED** (BBC-2) turned out to be more a study of our ignorance in the matter — yashmakked in Greek medical terms — than a revelation. 'Doctors couldn't find anything wrong with me,' said Joyce Hannon, a pitiful specimen who cannot stay awake for more than a few moments at a time, 'I was in my thirties before I ever heard the word narcolepsy. My marriage had broken up and my career had come to an end.' Joyce's eyes fluttered and her words slowed down. 'I'm too sleepy to talk about it. What's happening now is what's disabling. This is a waste of film . . . is what narcolepsy is.' She closed her eyes and the camera closed in to catch the rapid eye movements that showed she was already experiencing 'a vivid dreamlike state'. As if to prove that Joyce was not bunking out of life we were shown films of dogs with a similar affliction keeling over in mid-run.

Such is narcolepsy, but I wonder how much comfort that beautiful Greek portmanteau was to Joyce, who had waited 25 years for her case to be so 'diagnosed'. Some, no doubt, in the way that cave painting once subdued our ancestors' enemies with a kind of magic.

The programme continued its demonstration of heart-warming ignorance by wheeling on a man called Leslie Gamble who never slept at all. The usual electrodes were attached to Mr Gamble and we were informed that it was almost impossible for a tired person to stay awake indefinitely and that we naturally are more aware of the time it takes to go to sleep than the time we are asleep — as if they expected Leslie to have his first good night's rest for 11 years in their company. 'He seems to have his own secret source of energy,' went our amateur medicine man, a mite jealously I thought, as Leslie lay there with his eyes closed, fully awake. There was a momentary triumph for technology when Leslie was revealed to have dived into deep-wave sleep for four minutes, but his dignity was soon restored. 'Are you thinking all the time?' asked the programme. 'Yes, I am thinking,' answered this most un-self-dramatising of men. 'What I am looking for in the night is the happy events in my life, which assist mental relaxation.' Elegantly put sir.

I wonder how this exemplary sufferer took to being offered up as the other side of the narcoleptic coin. In effect, the reverse of narcolepsy is more likely to be 'lucid dreaming', a phrase invented by Celia Green of the Institute of Psychophysical research, Oxford, to denote that state where the will of waking life invades the world of dreams. I stumbled on the subject in a programme called **The Dream Makers** (Radio One): 'Your body is lying on a bed somewhere,' said anthropologist Francis Huxley, 'then when you realise you're dreaming, Wheee! It's like being in a rocket. There is some unfamiliar charge which instead of going off into twitches and nightmares comes out vertically through the top of your head in this very agreeable, slightly spooky experience.'

It seems the body is most severely paralysed during dream sleep in order to stop us jumping up and running out of the house, but a vestigial muscle response can be monitored on the electrodes and if a signal is agreed upon beforehand the dreamer can announce 'I am running' etc. To provoke lucid dreaming, Dr Keith Hearne has invented a 'dream machine' which administers a tiny electrical impulse to your wrist to remind you that you are dreaming, as soon as its sensors detect a slower breathing rate. The dreamer is then expected to grab the controls and hi-jack his subconscious.

Lucid dreamer par excellence is Alan Worsley, who finishes off every night's sleep in a lab at St Thomas's Hospital. Worsley can carry out pre-planned activity in his dreams, such as marking a I, II, or III on the ground with a dream-stick, the resulting muscle response proving for the first time that memory, sensory apparatus, motor movements and thought processes are all able to function in dreams. One sign that a dream might be becoming lucid is a minor incongruity in the scene: the wrong lampshade or a change in the pattern of the carpet. Also, the lights never work properly. How does he know he is dreaming? 'If I can levitate, I conclude that I am dreaming.' Worsley said he particularly liked flying dreams. 'One of the things I'm doing at the moment is flying backwards. This is interesting because for one thing you don't know what's coming. Another advantage is that if you want to get out of a place quickly you can go through the wall much more easily backwards than forwards, because if you approach a wall forwards you tend to be affected by your idea that walls can't be gone through, but backwards you can take a run at it and get through before you know what's happened.'

Another contributor to the programme, Peter Fenwick, was more down to earth. He suggested that lucid dreaming might have practical benefits to offer. I though of narcolepsy and poor Joyce Hannon. □

Weekend competition

No 2842 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

Today, Methuen is publishing *The Golden Skits of Wing-Commander Muriel Volestrangler* (a snip at £4.95 in hard covers) and it will be most generously donating signed copies of this inestimable book as prizes for this comp. All you have to do to win one is to write your very own Monty Python-type skit about (a) the miners' strike; (b) literary prizes; (c) transplant surgery; (d) the new reproductive technologies or (e) raids by Customs and Excise on bookshops. The only limitations are an absolute maximum of 200 words and a closing date of Tuesday (yes, quite right, that's a day less than usual) 16 October. If you prove yourselves worthy, Wing-Commander Volestrangler (a.k.a. John Cleese) may condescend to judge your efforts herself.

No 2839 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Polite remarks guaranteed to get rid of guests who look like staying for ever.

Report **By Di Dact**

One sometimes wonders where you were all brought up. *None* of the following, in *any* context, qualifies as 'polite': armpits, potties, diarrhoea, amoebic dysentery, maggots, syphilis, boils, vibrators, farts, drains, or (Zelda Cheveth, shame on you) smelly green stuff in navels. More in sorrow than in anger, all such puerilities have been chucked right into the bin. Which leaves us with a great many references to home-made wine, home-made movies and home-made children with nits and/or friends and/or violins. In the end, the most succinct (and close to the bone) worked the best: their authors get three pounds per entry.

How about leaving the girls to have a good natter while we pop upstairs to my 'den'?

PETER NORMAN

No, really, I'm drinking in every word you say; I just lie on the floor like this to rest my back.

ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

You know, I've been convinced for some time that four of us *could* move the piano up to the twins' bedroom.

S.L. MAPSTONE

Let's have a game of Scrabble. All foreign words count.

MAY DAY

That'll be our lodger coming in. He's a funny old thing, but don't mind him.

KATIE MALLETT

'Of Man's First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe. . .'

GERARD BENSON

I must say, I admire you using Jemima as a babysitter, particularly after she. . .but, no, we mustn't talk about her behind her back.

BILL GREENWELL

Don't go: Bill Greenwell will be round when the pubs close

Now this will surprise you: it's a kind of Albanian Drambuie

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

We were so pleased you could come today. . . or yesterday, now, actually.

Oh, that's the thermostat making the switch-over to low middle-of-the-night consumption.

GEORGE MOOR

. . .utterly exhilarating experience. In fact, Bernard's got the entire birth on video if you'd like to see it. . .

Now these charts show quite clearly, I think, the way that the problem is tackled in the various member states of the EEC. . .

GEORGE SIMMERS

Have you heard Stockhausen's latest?

NOEL PETTY

The drink's run out.

KATHIE MCGILMORE

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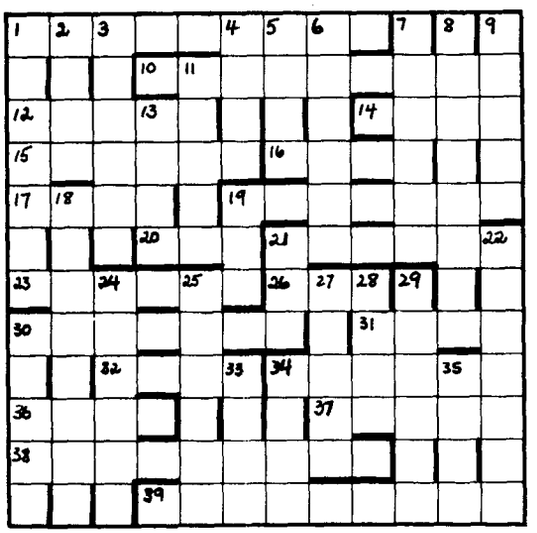
Salamanca 86

'10 & Co.'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 86, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 30 October.



(Chambers 1983 does not give three of the four unclued answers, nor the easy word clued at 1Ac.)

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

NB: Solution and prizewinners to Crossword 1454 appear on p.39.

THEME:

'1Ac. What might ring signify? Love can help long union? (9)'

'6 Metaphysical object, not old, in vain surrounding (6)

7 A gene with equal value from corresponding energy (6)'

'8 What's woven with bobbin once, albe intricately (8)

9 Liddell-sounding fish? (5)'

'11 Once just drunk, see? (5)

21Ac. Narrative verse whose first lines are described by "lacking in literary grace" (6)'

'12 On Mac's roof to take wet, say? (5)

24 Walks when no more shelter's to be had inside (6)'

'13 Unfrequented by the Borrowers, we hear? (4)

27 Wild-wood? I'm exhausting myself to give you this, you hope? (5)'

'18 How long does very short bout last? O *does* it? (3,5)

28 Fold up long curtain (4)'

'19Ac. Terrible bogeymen lacking mass, initially scary: they're best forgotten (7)

34Ac. Shrub: it has opposite sprawl (not round) which covers acre (6)'

'34D. I take this to be the measure of unpleasant noise? (4)

38 Traditionally greeted ladies with hallo, perhaps? Not so (9)'

'39 Defensive play in which decoy is used to take in old and young (9)'

REST:

2 Laugh: hard one to repeat (4)

4 Old gang, mostly savage (4)

5 Of ears, round, to stick out at edges? (4)

14 Remove some unwanted elements (4)

15 Meat and meal cooked together (you won't see *me* tucking into it!) (6)

16 I'm giving you this idea to hammer at, say (4)

17 Scots score a goal and almost stop one going in (4)

19D. Governor ignoring five in ladies' group (3)

20 What's at right side of official railway line? (On the left you see this as well) (3)

21D. Tested coin for genuineness? (3)

22 Show no approval of island surrounded by bog (7)

23 How society's humble move? (6)

25 Stake: a little silver and gold put up in a throw of chance (6)

26 Bridge score with feathers, to mend falcon's wing (3)

29 Use energy in sport running like this? (6)

30Ac. Turco-Albanian's in service (abandoning clan and sib) (7)

31 Core sample contains them (4)

32 What comes from cloves keeps Devil (say,) away? Well done! (4)

33 Lamb, one found in lea, gambolling (4)

35 One catty of nature (4)

36 What fish is in the telling really lacks weight — that's the fisherman's lookout! (4)

37 This handwriting's done with ink out east (5)

Solution to Salamanca 85

M	A	R	S	H	M	A	L	L	O	W	S
A	M	U	C	O	R	N	R	O	B	I	N
I	A	N	A	L	A	G	S	T	E	L	L
D	N	I	R	O	L	L	E	A	R	L	I
M	U	C	H	G	L	O	S	T	O	S	T
A	F	F	O	R	E	S	T	U	N	C	T
R	A	D	O	A	N	A	R	C	H	A	L
I	C	E	D	P	A	X	E	K	U	R	E
A	T	L	A	H	D	O	P	E	L	L	J
N	U	R	R	R	A	N	I	M	N	E	O
F	R	I	A	R	L	U	N	I	A	T	H
G	E	O	R	G	E	A	G	R	E	E	N

Title: vis (force) in trees/Robin Hood & his band in Sherwood Forest.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 85

B. Maguire (Belfast)
M.A. Williams (Fort William)
Stephen J. Wood (Basingstoke)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

COURSES

AN EXPLORATION of character structure and bio-dynamic massage, Series of 5 weekends on Reichean therapy for people in the helping professions, starting 27/28 October to February '85. Details: Yiqui Rosenberg 01-340 4873; Catherine Leder 01-328 8004.

THE CENTRE FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY, Upper Harley Street, London. Training and treatment available. For details telephone 01-935 3070.

GURDJIEFF/OUSPENSKY CENTRE ACCEPTING STUDENTS NOW. Tel Chorley Wood 4792.

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CARING BODYMIND PSYCHOTHERAPIST (Registered member — Association for Bodymind Therapy). Phone 01-794 4038.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-585 4109, 01-883 5418.

MASSAGE — YOUNG Indian, qualified male masseur, gives relaxation therapy. Phone Ram anytime — 01-370 3826. South Kensington; visiting service available.

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BOOKS

AUTHORS INVITED submit Manuscripts. All types (including Poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Established 1898).

BEVERLY SISSONS, a prison teacher's book 'An Inside Job' £3.50 post free, from Freshfields, Publishers, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.

BOOKS AND magazines found. O/P and S/H. Full 'wants' details: 'Scoops', 95 Irving Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth, Dorset BH6 5BH.

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

SECONDHAND BOOKS wanted all types and quantities. Clifton Books, Southend (0702) 331004.

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd. 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

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SINGLE ROOM, full board exchanged for looking after two boys (7 & 10), three afternoons a week. Some help meals & housework. Some remuneration if unemployed. Advertiser single parent professional man. Box 9337

LITERARY

WORDS MAGAZINE: coming 1985 — a new forum for literature lovers. Contributions wanted now: articles on novels, plays & poems. Novelists, dramatists & poets; new poems, new fiction, new drama needed. Send manuscripts or write for further information to: The Editor, 7 Palehouse Common, Framfield, East Sussex.

COUNSELLING

TELE-LIFELINES — Friendly, sympathetic, professional help with personal problems by experienced counsellor — by telephone. S.a.e., please, for free pamphlet. Box 9244.

IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM — Social or Legal PHONE 01-450 1988 01-452 5044

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APPOINTMENTS

EDITOR OF TRADE UNION JOURNAL

The Society of Civil and Public Servants, the Trade Union representing over 90,000 members in the Civil Service and other public bodies, has a vacancy for the Editor of their monthly newspaper 'Opinion'.

The Editor is responsible to an Editorial Board for all aspects of the production of the newspaper. These include editing material provided for publication, writing and commissioning articles, writing the editorials as well as layout and general design. He/she will be expected to travel researching material for the journal.

Salary scale **£10,792 to £11,979 (including London allowance).** Non-contributory pension scheme. Season ticket loan scheme. Annual leave 30 days, plus 10½ days public holiday. Weekly hours — 33¾ hours, excluding lunch hour. Overtime payable for extra hours worked.

Applications, addressed to: **The General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU**, should contain full details of journalistic, editorial and Trade Union experience, together with the names of two referees and a daytime telephone number for contact purposes.

Applications should be received by **19 October**. Interviews will be held on **5 November 1984**. This is a re-advertisement.

AGE CONCERN — BRENT
requires

ADVICE WORKER

to join team providing telephone advice and visiting service for housebound elderly and disabled people. Team also aims to promote Rights Awareness, to encourage take-up of benefits and services, and to develop advice services appropriate to the needs of all elderly and disabled people. Worker would have special responsibility for Team's work with disabled people.

Salary **£8,931 p.a.** including London Weighting.
Further details from: **Age Concern Brent, 120 Craven Park Road, London NW10. Tel. 01-965 7711. Closing Date Friday 19 Oct.**

Age Concern — Brent is an equal opportunities employer. We do not discriminate on the grounds of race, sex, sexuality, marital status or disability.

EDUCATION FOR PEACE

A Coordinator is required for the **Peace Education Project.**
Work includes developing and publicising a unique resource unit for pacifist educational material; the commission and publication of such material; contacts with schools and teachers. Lively, inventive, committed, experienced pacifist sought, prepared to work whole-heartedly for small salary (currently £4800).

Part-time appointment might be considered in a special case.

Application forms from the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1. Tel. (01) 387 5501, to be returned by October 22.

City of Manchester

HOUSING DEPARTMENT

CREATING A BETTER FUTURE IN THE INNER CITY

HULME PROJECT TEAM

Hulme Ward lies just south of Manchester City Centre and contains some of the City's worst Council flats. Most were built in the 1960s and 1970s, about 3,000 of them to the now notorious 'deck access' design. As well as bad housing the area suffers from enormous problems of social and economic deprivation.

The City Council has decided to bring about the gradual renewal of the area after detailed consultation and research have taken place. Liaison with residents of the area will be a crucial feature of the redevelopment process to try to avoid the mistakes of the last 20 years. A Project Team is being established in the Housing Department to co-ordinate this huge undertaking. Team members will also be seconded from other Council departments as necessary.

The Team will be based in Hulme and its members will be expected to display a high degree of commitment to the area and to its residents. We are looking initially for a:-

PROJECT CO-ORDINATOR
£13,725—£14,709

Who will lead the project team as well as having supervisory responsibility for the local estate management office. You must have a sympathy and understanding of inner city problems and an enthusiasm for overcoming them. A background in housing management is desirable but not essential. Above all you must be a first class manager and be able to communicate with people from a wide range of backgrounds. An ability to work under pressure is essential.

The City Council operates a Union Membership agreement under which a new employee is required to become a member of a recognised Union.

Application forms available from:
The Director of Housing, Personnel & Training Officer, Room M23, Mezzanine Floor, Town Hall Extension, Manchester 2. Tel: 061 236 3377 ext. 340.
Closing date 19 October 1984.

An Equal Opportunity Employer.

GRANTS OFFICER
£10,572 — £11,166

GRANTS UNIT SUPPORT WORKER
£7,818 — £8,523

Required within the Community Affairs Section. The Section has been established to further the Council's progressive policy towards open government, sexual and racial equality, Welfare Rights, Community Development etc.

The Grants Unit provides advice and assistance to Community Groups and Voluntary organisations in obtaining funding from a variety of sources, including the Council itself. It also gives follow up support to Grant Aided Projects.

Those appointed will be expected to consult with the Voluntary Sector on all aspects of the Grants Unit's work. This will include helping to formulate recommendations to improve both the Council's grant making procedures and its relationship with funded schemes.

Since Greenwich will be Ratecapped next year, a vital part of the Grant Officers work will be to develop the Council's grant making strategy.

Some knowledge of this type of work, and/or working with Community Groups is essential.

For further information telephone Tom Wareham Ext. 2059.

Application form from Chief Executive, London Borough of Greenwich, Peggy Middleton House, 50 Woolwich New Road, Woolwich, London SE18 6HQ. Tel: 01-854 8888 Ext. 2034.

Closing date: 19 October 1984

The Council positively welcomes applications from women, ethnic minorities and disabled people.

GREENWICH
People and Services First

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APPOINTMENTS

WEST MIDLANDS LOW PAY UNIT

We are looking for a

REGIONAL COORDINATOR

to extend and develop the Unit's work and campaigns.

The West Midlands Unit has been in operation since August 1983. This Unit is part of the Low Pay Unit and is funded by West Midlands County Council. The major responsibilities of this new post will include:

1. Development and coordination of work within West Midlands Low Pay Unit.
2. Liaison with other Low Pay Units and campaigns.
3. Working with other organisations: local authorities, trade unions, advice agencies etc.
4. Public relations work.

The Low Pay Unit is an equal opportunities employer.

For further details please write to or telephone:

Liz Morton, West Midlands Low Pay Unit, Wolverley House, 18 Digbeth, Birmingham B5 6BJ. 021 643 3972.

Closing date for applications 19 October 1984.

West Midlands LOW PAY unit

LEEDS BASED wholefood packaging co-op seeks fit woman, with mechanical aptitude, to join us on three day week for £65 plus bonus. Job description from HWMC, 46 The Calls, Leeds LS2 7EY.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

APPOINTMENT WANTED

RESPONSIBLE, ARTICULATE arts graduate, 26, urgently requires temporary employment to raise £9,000 for continued studies. Anything reasonable considered. Box 9381.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER SENIOR FELLOWSHIPS

Applications are invited for **SIMON RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS** in any of the Social Sciences, including Law and Education, tenable during the academic session 1985/86. Stipends normally within the range **£7,190-£14,125** p.a. (under review) (Simon Research Fellowships) or **£13,515-£16,925** p.a. (under review) (Simon Senior Research Fellowships) according to qualifications and experience.

Applications are invited for **HALLSWORTH FELLOWSHIPS** in advanced work in the field of Political Economy (including Public Administration). Stipends within the range **£7,190-£20,300** p.a. (under review) according to qualifications and experience.

These Fellowships are not awarded for postgraduate study and applicants should have experience which will qualify them to carry out a substantial piece of original research. Enquiries about the scope of the Fellowships are welcomed. Further particulars and application forms (returnable by **1 December**) are obtainable from the **Registrar (Academic Staffing), The University, Manchester M13 9PL. Please state for which Fellowship details are required and quote ref. 216/84/NSt.**

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LEGAL ADVICE

in the fields of
Co-operatives, Charities, Companies Limited by guarantee and other democratic and community based organisations.

Sinclair Taylor & Martin, Solicitors of: 9 Thorpe Close, London W10 5XL Tel. 01-969 3667

LISTINGS

FRI 5 OCT

CAMBERWELL 'Free the Streatham 4'. Trial of 4 Streatham Labour Party members arrested for making miners' collection without a licence. Important test case. Picket at Camberwell Green Magistrates' Court, D'Eynsford Rd, SE5. Starts 2pm. Banners, Broad left and TU support welcome. **Org. Streatham Labour Party, 68 Lynette Ave, Clapham, SW4 9HD.**

SAT 6 OCT

BRIXTON SWAPO Cultural Grp. performance 1-3pm Brixton Art Gallery, 21 Atlantic Rd, SW9. **Org. Community CopyArt Ltd, 15a Hawley St, NW1 8BY. 01-267 7342.**

SUN 7 OCT

LONDON 'NHS Privatisaion — how to stop it' 10am-4pm County Hall, SE1. Food, creche. Fee £2/£1 UB40. **Details and briefing packs London Health Emergency, 335 Grays Inn Rd, WC1. 01-833 3020.**

MON 8 OCT

LONDON 'The Miners' Strike' Public Meeting 7.30pm North Library, Manor Garens, N7. Spkrs. incl. George Boulton, Spkr. from Women against Pit Closures. Bring money or non-perishable food for collection. **Org. N. Islington Communist Party.**

LONDON 'Stop Bail Conditions!' Mass picket in support of Divisional Court action by 9 striking miners against the bail conditions imposed by Mansfield magistrates. Assemble 9.30am outside Law Courts, Strand, WC2. Bring banners **Orgs. GLATC & Streatham Labour Party.**

TUES 9 OCT

LONDON 'Psychiatric Provisions for Colonizers & Colonized' Talk by Aggrey Burke, Senior Lecturer in Psychiatry at St. George's Hospital 7pm 9 Poland St, W1. **Org. Politics of Health Group.**

THURS 11 OCT

LONDON 'Beyond our Ken? — protecting Socialism from Tory attack'. First of 9 meetings about socialism in London. 7.30pm County Hall, SE1. Adm 50p/25p UB40. Spkrs. incl. Hilda Keane, Margaret Hodge. Hopefully Ken Livingstone. **Details: Socialist Society, 9 Poland St, WB1 3DG. 01-636 6811 x 3517.**

FRI 12 OCT

BRIXTON 'Resistencia — Evening for Nicaragua' 7.30pm Brixton Art Gallery, 21 Atlantic Rd, SW9. A Fiesta org. by the Nicaraguan Solidarity Cttee. in support of resistance in Central America. **Details: Community CopyArt Ltd, 15a Hawley St, NW1 8BY 01-267 7342.**

LONDON 'CND What the papers don't say' — meeting to discuss with print workers & journalists how the image of peace movement is distorted by national press. Spkrs incl Joan Ruddock, Jean Stead, Jacob Ecclestone, Mike Power & SOGAT rep. 7pm St. Bride's Inst, Bride La, EC4. **Joint orgs: Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom & Trade Union CND.**

SAT 13 OCT

LONDON 'The Airwar has already started in Central America' — Emergency Conf. 11am-6pm University of London Union, Malet St, WC2. Films, Spkrs. incl. Jeremy Corbyn, James Dunkerley, Maxine Molyneux. Adm. £2.50/£1.50 UB40. Evening Pena with music 6pm till late. **Details: N. London Central America Grp, 12 Albany Rd, N4 4RJ. 01-348 9709.**

LONDON National Demo 'Troops out Now' Assemble 1pm Bidborough St, WC1. Also Irish Solidarity Social 8pm Caxton Hs, St. John's Way, N19. Live music, food, bar. Adm £1/50p UB40.

SUN 14 OCT

LONDON 'Belfast, Brixton, Orgreave — an injury to one is an injury to all' Irish Solidarity Movement Conf. 9.30am-5pm Caxton House, St. John's Way, N19. Spkrs. incl. John McCluskey, Elizabeth Hill, Malcolm Pitt. Films, workshops, creche. Adm £2.50/£1 UB40. **Org. Irish Solidarity Movement. BMBox 1320, London, WC1N 3XX.**

FORTHCOMING

16 OCT LONDON 'South Africa — the challenge' 7.30pm Friends Meeting House, Euston Road, NW1. This meeting is part of a series org. by the **Revolutionary Communist Grp, P & P BCM Box 509, WC1N 3XX.**

17 OCT LONDON 'Mortgages for Housing Co-ops' afternoon workshop at HEO Empty Property Unit, 157 Waterloo Road, SE1 8XF 01-633 9377. Cheques £8 HEO Affiliates/£12 non-Affiliates per person to address above. Bursaries are available for small grps. who could not otherwise afford to send delegates. Apply in advance to Mike Ray, address above. Places are limited — so first come, first served.

20 OCT LONDON 'New Ways Forward' — women in African Development. Conf. reviewing the UN Decade for Women. 10am-5.30pm Commonwealth Inst. Kensington High Street, W8 6NQ. Fee £5 (incl coffee, lunch, tea)/£3.50 UB40. **Details and application forms PRO 01-603 4535.**

20 OCT LONDON Amnesty International's 'Women of Courage' week. Poety & music event 8.30pm-11pm Captain's Cabin, Norris St, off Haymarket, SW1. Adm £2.50/£1.50 UB40. **Details: 01-833 1771/01-251 8371.**

20 OCT OXFORD History Workshop Centre all day workshop on 'Literature & History' 10am Ruskin College. Spkrs. incl. Christopher Hill, Anna Bryson, Marilyn Butler. Tickets £5/£2 non-membs. **Details. HWCSH, 25 Worcester Pl. Oxford, OX1.**

20-21 OCT MANCHESTER NALGO Lesbian & Gay Conference '84 Manchester Poly Students Union. Wheelchairs, taped documents, signers, creche. **Details: NALGO branch secs. or from Sally Edwards, c/o Camden Law Centre, 146 Kentish Town Rd, NW5. or from Jackie Lewis 01-720 0220 x 497 or John McKay 01-468 7071 x 19.**

20 OCT LONDON 'Take a byte out of the apple, Eve!' Women and New Technology conf. 9.30am-5pm Inst. of Education, Bedford Way, WC1. £12.50/£7.50 UB40. **Details and applications: Suzanne Kendall, 1c Oakwood Road, NW11.**

22-23 OCT LONDON 'Life After Mental Illness — Opportunities in an Age of Unemployment' MIND Annual Conf. Kensington Town Hall, W8. £32 for both days. **Details and applications: Conference Secretary, MIND, 22 Harley St, W1. 01-637 0741.**

26 OCT LONDON 'Return of the Condor' Inti-Illimani in concert for Chile & Central America 7.30pm Royal Festival Hall. Tickets £2.50 UB40 to £8 from Festival Hall Box Office, South Bank, SE1. 01-928 3191 or **Chile Solidarity Campaign, 129 Seven Sisters Rd, N7 01-272 4298.**

31 OCT PECKHAM Women only Greenham Benefit — A Hallowe'en Celebration 8.30pm-1pm 'Kings on the Rye', Peckham, SE15. Starring the 'The Moonlighters'. Disco sounds by Emma & surprise guests. Tickets £2.50/£1.50 UB40.

10 NOV LONDON Africa Arms & Development — a joint conf. to be held by UNA & Commonwealth Inst from 9.30am-5pm at Commonwealth Inst. Apply with fee £5/£3 UB40 to **Education Dept, Commonwealth Inst., High Street, Kensington, London, W8 6NQ.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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CONFERENCE ON ANTI-ARAB RACISM CAUSE & EFFECT

Sunday 14 October 10.30-5.30,
Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, NW1.
Kings Cross tube

Western Image of Arabs (Edward Said)
Media stereotyping of Arabs
Legal status of Arabs
Arab women
Anti-Arab racism/anti-semitism
Arabs as part of Britain's black community
Apartheid in Israel
Israel and the Third World

Exhibitions * Workshops * Creche * Admission free
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SOCIAL
African Dawn/Barricada
Admission £2.50 (Students/claimants £1.00)
bar and food at Camden Centre

MEETINGS

CONCERNED TECHNOLOGY Conference Nottingham. Weekend 13/14 Oct. Speaker – Chris Pounder GLC: Police & Computers. Films, workshops. Contact 'Concerned Technology Group'. Tel: (0602) 582425. £3 waged, £1 unwaged, free accommodation available.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 7 Oct. 8 p.m. 'The Challenge of Theosophy'. *ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens,* London W2 3AL.

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday 9 Oct, 5p.m.
Prof. Henk Wesseling (Leiden)
The Impact of Dutch Colonialism on European Imperialism, 1870-1914
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

HEARTSEARCH

ACTION MAN, 6ft, 45, professional, easy-going, sense of humour, seeks lady to be gentle with, for exploring, theatre, country walks, *conversation, laughing and loving.* Box 9373.

AMIABLE, INTELLIGENT man, 31, armchair Marxist, likes books, films, pubs and idle gossip, seeks articulate, humorous woman for company, friendship, even love. Bristol area. Box 9384.

APPRENTICE WRITER: independent female, middle-aged but lively, interests: politics, history, gardening, seeks compatible male, similar age group. Bath/Bristol area. Box 9368.

APPROACHING RETIREMENT, but not wanting to retire alone, caring man would dearly like to meet congenial partner. South East England. Box 9362.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ASIAN JOURNALIST, 38, single, tall, dark-complexioned, seeks young well-endowed, Caucasian woman, as companion during a stay in London in late October. Must love writing and adventure. Box 9284.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, any race, in twenties or thirties, sought by single professional man. *Rural/classical tastes. Radical outlook.* No hangups. Genuine. Wales/West wherever. Box 9376.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT divorcée (40s), slim, sympathetic, sensual, solvent, seeks unattached, lively man, similar age and attributes, to share cultural pursuits and loving relationship. London area. Box 9379.

BILLY, 44, atheist, lovelorn frisky farmer, single, desires friendship / correspondence / meetings with young, frisky lady with initiative, who's itching for some affectionate attention. Among other interests I enjoy, are naturism, dancing, reading, secularism, travel, scuba diving, photography, swimming, biking, walks and camping. N. Ireland/anywhere. Box 9370.

BRIGHT, AWARE dropout man seeks dropout woman. Box 9374.

CARING FEMALE, 26, daughter 8, seek intelligent friends, male & female, with sense of humour, to share pleasures & generally enjoy *life. Smoker.* Box 9366.

CARING GENTLEMAN, 49, Bromley, Kent, professional (academic), non-smoker, likes sailing, travel, camping, seeks cultivated lady similar tastes view serious relationship. Box 9377.

COME LIE with me and be my love and we will all the pleasures prove, I am 39, male, and want *to hear from you.* Box 9364.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

'7DAYS' 24 hrs. ACM-Address Unlimited Mail. £1 mth, discounts 3 mths £2.50, 6 mths £4.50, 1 yr £8.25. M. Abrahams, 15 Clifton Gardens, London N15. 01-800 0373.

FRIENDSHIP OF educated, mature lady, living London, sought by senior University Teacher, tall, slim, witty. Box 9357.

GENTLE, UNATTACHED London male, 29, wishes to meet lady up to 35, for caring relationship. Box 9361.

GENUINE GIRL (27), OWN HOME,
creative, curvy, adaptable, presentable, lively and aware, seeks very tall, extrovert, interesting, solvent, outdoorish, home-loving He-man. West Country.
Box 9369

GLASGOW IS a cultural desert! Can anyone prove me wrong? After 3 years here this woman (27, socialist, theatre/music lover) still feels like an out-sider. Come on, and show me a good time! Box 9383.

GRADUATE MALE, LATE 40s,
rugged outdoor type, seeks pretty, younger lady, for weekend rambles in the Yorkshire Dales and York outings. Non smoker/driver.
Box 9279

INDIAN MALE, 5'5", 24, graduate, leftwing, interested in art, politics, eating out, cinema, walks, seeks affectionate intellectual leftwing female, any age for mutual enjoyment. Box 9378.

IS THERE a second chance? Woman executive, 49, divorced (and not proud of it), of *central European extraction but very* assimilated. Love life, fun and style, fairly well educated all round, traditionalist with some non-conformist tendencies, wet Tory, would like to get to know tall man (50+) who appreciates and matches all this and equally feels a void. Oxfordshire. No philanderers, please. Complete confidence guaranteed. Box 9387.

LEO MALE, blue eyes, dark hair, gentle, considerate, caring, artistic, 39, 5' 11", wants to meet artistic, vibrant, sexy lady. Photo appreciated, but not essential. Box 9365.

M & F JEWISH FRIENDSHIP/Marriage Agency has many attractive, intelligent young ladies seeking genuine introductions. Write Box 9204 or tel. 01-340 5616.

MALE ACADEMIC, enlightened, and mature, sensitive and solvent, 45, good humoured, divorced, wide interests: seeks female of similar make up, graduate preferred, for lasting relationship. Box 9367.

MALE, 54, N. London, seeks woman for warmth, sex, companionship, perhaps requiring sympathy and understanding, without need to maintain fronts, expected standards and like pretensions. Box 9390.

MALE GRADUATE, London, 34, single, slim, bearded, spectacled, quietish, interests include classical music, literature, art, walking, seeks non-smoking female, 30-45. Box 9299.

NON-LONDONER – cute lady 32, nature lover, seeks sensuous relationship with a non-devious, attractive male. Box 9363.

ONE MAN band/juggler/poet/sane, 37, own house Whitby, seeks Ms with similar interests!? Reply *for no strings weekend break on* Yorkshire coast. Box 9391.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, tall, slim, good looking, 40, unattached, northern origin and humour, two children 10 and 8, locally involved, supporting, enjoys life and travel but there is a vacuum: seeks slim, attractive female partner 30-40, preferably with children, to build a *relationship and bring up families together:* Oxon/Berks/Hants/London area or thereabouts. Box 9283.

RETIRED, PROFESSIONAL male, age 58, own 1 bedroom flat, own car, living in Covent Garden area, no ties, would like to meet lady, age immaterial, for company and holidays. Box 9280.

SENSITIVE, CONSIDERATE North London man, early fifties, divorced, broad interests but socially unskilled, seeks female company. Box 9389.

SLIM, SENSITIVE male, non-smoker, 35, interested in disarmament and ecology, seeks cheerful, unsophisticated, adventurous woman, 25-35, for loving relationship and some *good times.* Box 9386.

TALL, BEARDED, sensuous academic, early 40s, Bradford based, into critical theory, conversation, wine and walking; missing warmth and affection in unsuccessful attachment; seeks attractive caring, adventurous woman for no-strings expeditions. Box 9393.

TEACHER, 37, kind, friendly, interested in arts, psychology, sociology, non-militant, vaguely socialist, not materialistic, 5'7", seeks sensitive woman. Likes children. Box 9297.

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner), *124 New Bond Street, W1. 01-629 9634.* Consult us for individual attention.

THEATRE EXECUTIVE, seeks young lady who can help brighten up visits to theatre, concerts and cinema. Photo/phone no appreciated. Box 9327.

VERY ATTRACTIVE, professional, divorcée, late 40s; warm-natured, lively, adventurous, with a strong sense of the ridiculous. Very happy but would like to meet similar male to share experiences, pleasures with. Yorkshire. Box 9375.

VERY MYOPIC male, Ametropic, 55, Anglophile, American, literate, lettered, travelled, unencumbered, seeks female with similar opthalmological malady for commiseration, mutuality, association, direction etc. Box 9372.

WANTED INTELLIGENT sensitive male friend, 30-50 Bucks/Beds border or London, to enliven weekends/evenings of active disabled lady. Small, 40, independent, non-frenetic, philosophical. Interests books, people, old and new movies, wine, gardening, Lennon-style music. Welcomes new interests/obsessions but non-sporty and uncompetitive. Also possibly offer peaceful, pleasant accommodation temporary or permanent to compatible mature student/writer or similar in return for no-strings supportive companionship and occasional DIY help. Box 9354.

WEST YORKS. Doctor, 35, female, divorced, no children, traveller, amateur classical musician; attractive, witty, affectionate; seeks *intelligent man, 30-45, for short or long term* friendship etc. Box 9399.

WOMAN, 45, wide interests, artistically inclined seeks man with similar tastes to share and enrich her life. Unattached and under 55 please. Box 9351.

WORKING SOCIALIST woman, 30s, enjoys moderate country pursuits, gardening, walking, visiting country pubs. Always dieting but loves to eat out. Seeks stable, patient, gentle man. North East. Box 9385.

WRITER RESEARCHING book on *'Heartsearchers'* (herself happily attached), seeks sympathetic discussions of individuals/groups experiences. London/Surrey area. All letters answered. Box 9314.

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

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